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The Week

DURING the last few years we have all suffered much from the well-meant efforts of the propagandist, suffered in proportion to our sympathy with and belief in the cause which he advocated. The partisan of the Allies groaned in spirit over M. André Tardieu, and the pro-German over Dr. Dernburg. Undoubtedly both did much to derogate, in the minds of the thoughtful, their respective sides in the controversy. We hope that this will not prove to be the case with Admiral Sims in his advocacy of the cause of which we all realize the importance, that of Anglo-American friendship.

APPARENTLY, however, Admiral Sims has caused embarrassment to his English friends. It was all very well for him to say wittily that he did not understand the Irish question, but, considering his associates of the last few weeks, to add that he had not met an Englishman who understood it was an admission, disconcerting to say the least. As usual the burden of the propagandist's enthusiasm falls heavily upon those most deeply interested in the cause of which he is the unhappy spokesman. The Manchester Guardian courteously reminds Admiral Sims "that the Sinn Fein party and the murder gangs who profess to be doing its work are just about as distinct from each other as the British government and the other murder gangs which profess to be doing its work; that the most striking point in Ireland's relation to the great war was not the insane effort of a few wild extremists to help the Germans but the great number and excellent quality of Irish soldiers who abounded not only in Irish, Australian, and Canadian, but also in English and even Scottish regiments; and that an even more remarkable degree of participation by Irishmen in the overthrow of Germany was only prevented by the folly of a few anti-Irish politicians at the War Office and elsewhere, who choked off the great recruiting movement started by John Redmond."

IN touching delicately on the Irish question in American politics Admiral Sims has apparently caused equal embarrassment to his own government. The prompt visit of Senator McCormick to the White House, and the rapid cablegram of Secretary Denby to his subordinate are proof of this. There are Irishmen who fought in American regiments as well as in Australian and Canadian, English and Scottish, and to tell them that "they are not Americans at all because they are carrying on war against America today," is an insult which they are entitled to resent. Further, to declare that "one inconvenience of a republic is that these jackass votes must be catered to," is to use language "tending to bring the Constitution and government of the United States into contempt" —and the fact that it was used in a foreign land is no extenuating circumstance.

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IT is not helpful to the cause of Anglo-American friendship to attack the Irish. It is not conducive to confidence on the part of other nations in Anglo-American hegemony to link with an implied defence of the English government of Ireland a prophecy that "the English-speaking peoples are coming together in the bonds of comradeship, and they are going to run this round globe . . . . that when we have that [an inter-English speaking policy] we shall have peace and prosperity." Peace and prosperity after the model of Ireland? The recall of Admiral Sims to this country will soon put our readers in possession of his explanations, excuses, extenuations, and exculpations, and if the original report of his remarks does him injustice we automatically apologize.

THE race feeling in Tulsa before the riot seems to have been just so much gunpowder that lacked nothing but a casual match to set it off. For the incident that was the immediate cause of the outbreak was, according to Mr. Walter F. White's despatch to the Evening Post, extremely trivial. A Negro boy named Rowland, as he entered an elevator, stumbled against the girl who was operating it and accidentally stepped on her foot. She screamed, he ran, the whole town thought that a white girl had been assaulted by a Negro, and the sequel was thirty dead. Tulsa has been such a flagrant case that it has been possible to find out the actual fact: a Negro stepped on a white girl's foot. In how many obscure instances, in how many one-man lynchings in some out of the way southern community, was the cause of the trouble as trivial as it was at Tulsa? Mr. White's account throws a cruel light on all those periodic news items from the South, which told us how some mob lynched a Negro for "attacking" a white girl.

OF course it was inevitable that someone should accuse the Tulsa Negroes—who are unusually prosperous—of being Reds. The Daily Oklahoman tells of the destruction, during the battle, of a newly built Negro Baptist church, "said to have been the rendezvous of the Bolshevik element of the Negroes who are responsible for the outbreak." Rumor has it, says the Oklahoman, that before the riot twenty caskets had been taken into the church, each one of them "filled with high-powered rifles." This may possibly be true: the Negroes' determination to defend themselves is a new development in race-conflicts that points ominously to other, possibly even bloodier Tulsas in the future. As for the Negroes being "Bolsheviks," we do not believe they attach any more accurate meaning to the term than does the writer of the despatch.

OUR laws quite naturally bar from the mails all "indecent and obscene" matter. What do these words mean? President Roosevelt caused Congress to stretch them so as to cover anything which tended "to incite arson, murder, and assassination." While this incitement to violence against the English language seemed at best peculiar, it was not nearly so absurd as the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia's recent attack upon the dictionary. This court, in reversing an earlier decision in the case of the New York Call, judges that the utterance of Bolshevist and radical doctrines can be defined as "indecent and obscene" and so barred from the mails. Among those radical utterances the Court makes no clear distinction. It holds that the Call should be just as unmailable for its words "we are class-conscious revolutionists," and "long live the Socialist World Revolution" as for its "expression of sympathy with the Russian Revolution." Is then an expression of sympathy with the Russian Revolution "obscene"?

PERHAPS, you will say, this Court of Appeals is not one of our brightest. But they made a decent decision in the case of the District of Columbia's Minimum Wage act, which they upheld. It was not unanimous: Justice Van Orsdel —in the case of the Call he agrees—dissented, moved by these notable sentiments, a flavor of which is perceptible in the Call decision:

> It should be remembered that the three fundamental principles which underlie government, and for which free government exists are the protection of life, of liberty and of property. The chief of these is property.

The 1776 version of Justice Van Orsdel's trilogy was "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

THE Pittsburgh Employers' Association recently issued a number of letters to its members intended to dissuade them from contributing to certain religious organizations on the ground that the Pittsburgh ministers had trespassed beyond the "zone of agreement" between capital and labor to which, these employers felt, the Church should "confine its activities." "The radical and Bolshevik elements in the Churches" they wrote, "seem to be cooperating through the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. . . . Religious bodies can hardly expect us to give them money for the purpose of manufacturing weapons with which to destroy industry." The Pittsburgh ministers strongly resented this interference and accordingly unanimously passed a resolution condemning it and insisting upon the Church's absolute right to "proclaim the full Gospel of Jesus Christ with-

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out dictation from any external authority," and its duty to apply the whole truth of the Scriptures "to every relationship in life." We are glad the Pittsburgh clergy, at any rate, have so fearlessly published their allegiance to their faith, and we hope that works will follow in good time. When they begin to try to apply the Soviet rule—originally expressed by St. Paul—that "if any man will not work, neither shall he eat," the dispute between employers and ministers will require ropes, sponges, and a referee.

THIS facility to see red in the churches is by no means confined to the Pittsburgh employers. It is nation-wide. The National Founders' Association, calling attention to the Methodist Episcopal drive for funds, said that "the man who has been selected to handle the fund has always . . . been identified with socialistic propaganda." In reference to the Y. W. C. A.'s financial campaign the Commercial Federation of California sent out a letter saying that the Y. W. C. A. could scarcely hope for support "when it jams through a program which has all the earmarks of radical unionism," —said program offending particularly by its endorsement of collective bargaining and the eight-hour day. On May 5th the Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore printed an article entitled: How Socialistic and Anarchistic Doctrines are Being Advanced through some Religious Organizations. Recently Industry—published in Washington—alarmed at the activity of "radical" leaders in the churches, asked, "Does it mean that Socialism, or practical anarchism, or at least so-called liberalism has so permeated the ranks of the Church that fairness and justice are threatened?" Fairness and justice we take to mean, among other things, the open shop and the twelve-hour day.

MR. LEONID KRASSIN will shortly arrive in Canada, where he will not only arrange contracts with Canadian manufacturers, but also, of course, be able to talk business with Americans. Meanwhile imports into Russia increase. The Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn reports that imports through Latvia and Esthonia for May amounted to 50,000 tons, or 15,000 more than the total for April. Over half these imports were food stuffs. Preparations for the restoration of Russia's railways—perhaps the most urgent step of all at present—are proceeding on a large scale. A special commission is about to arrange a contract for 2,000 locomotives to be built in Sweden—where 1,000 have already been ordered. Deliveries will begin this summer, and continue until 1925. German firms have already been given eighty per cent of the contracts for locomotive parts, as their prices are half those quoted in Sweden, and their deliveries extraordinarily quick. While in the light of such news one regrets more than ever the false hopes and ignorances which have held America aloof from Russian trade, one also realizes that Germany is on her way toward playing the part she should as Russia's most logical economic partner.

THAT Italy by virtue of her geographical situation must be a loosely attached member of any alliance which she may enter is shown by her status in the Entente, as it was by that in the Triplice. Italy could not join in the war by the side of her former allies, even if she had wished, because of her dependence on England. Because of her dependence on Germany she cannot go along with the Entente in enforcing the sanctions against that country, much less participate in military coercion. Italy will be the weak point in the encirclement of Germany as she was during pretty nearly the whole war. Her failure to levy taxes on German exports for the benefit of the reparation fund will hasten to its destined end that singularly naive project of addled allied finance.

THE American Friends Service Committee, with headquarters at 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia, has appealed to Americans to collect and send it, before autumn, at least a million dollars' worth of clothing for threadbare Europe, which is as badly off for clothing as at any time since 1915, and will shiver through another wretched winter unless some relief comes. The task will not be an easy one, for as the Committee says, "Christians are taking a vacation," and both knitting needles and generosity have subsided into inactivity since the war. Yet something must be done, for the need is great, as the masses of Europe's population have been able to buy almost no clothing for the last six years. The clothing collected will be distributed in Poland, Vienna, Germany or Russia strictly according to the wishes of the givers. What are particularly wanted are knitted garments, strong clean second-hand clothing, shoes in good condition, yarn, leather, uncut cloth, and unlimited quantities of baby clothing.

THE first number of a unique publication, The New Age—in Hungarian, Az Uj Kor—, has recently appeared. In describes itself as "An American Weekly for American Hungarians," and is the first liberal review to be published in a foreign language in this country. The New Age will not

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regard its audience as one of Hungarian immigrants, living a ghetto-like existence apart from American life, it will not cater to a particularist sentiment, but will instead be "an American Weekly .... printed in the Magyar language." The New Age's ideas on Americanization are sensible: "We are uncompromisingly opposed to any idea of Americanization involving kneading the immigrant into static moulds or compelling him to conform to arbitrarily set standards of thought and conduct." For this liberal spirit, we wish success to the New Age, and to its editor, Mr. Eugene S. Bagger.

The Borah Resolution

THE question of disarmament has resolved itself for the moment into a question of the Borah Resolution. By that measure "the President is authorized and requested" to invite the governments of Great Britain and Japan to a conference to discuss the annual reduction of naval building during the next five years. The resolution passed the Senate by a majority of 74 to 0. It is waiting upon the will of the President in the House.

A number of causes unite to make this modest proposal a practical one of immediate application. In the first place all three nations are staggering beneath the load of taxation. Economy is for the moment the desperate need of all three, even for the United States, for as Senator Martin says "We have the world to feed." Again, in the progress of the science of naval warfare no nation can know in what direction expenditure can profitably be directed. The super-dreadnaughts whose keels are now being laid may be obsolete before their turrets are erected. And, further, it happens that the whole question of warfare at sea for the present, and so far as can be seen for the future, rests with these three nations, and they are so linked together that no one can apparently profit by the use of its armament. Great Britain and Japan are allies, but not against the United States. Great Britain and the United States are in close relations, but certainly not to the prejudice of Japan. The United States and Japan are in opposition on matters of which the seriousness consists in the danger of a war which would be madness for both. Nothing could so conduce to a settlement as a mutual agreement to cease preparation, and therefore to exclude the appeal to arms.

On the other hand, there is danger that a number of causes may unite to put this opportunity, so temptingly near, out of our reach forever. There are those who from a sincere and noble view of world politics wish to use the present opportunity for larger results, who would play for higher stakes. Why not a general conference for universal disarmament by land and sea? Undoubtedly such a program affords a magnificent opening for discussion, out of which might grow a real association of nations, an economic settlement of the world with readjustment of tariffs, debts, and reparations, the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, the freedom of Ireland, Egypt and India, the renunciation of mandatories, and the self-determination of backward peoples. Whatever may be the scope of the Harding-Hughes conception of foreign policy it is clear that disarmament is an advantageous prelude to it, and they may well wish to postpone the overture until the stage is set behind the curtain. Again, there are those who regard the Borah Resolution as essentially futile. They point out the fact that it leaves all initiative in the hands of the President, who is indifferent or hostile to it; that it does not represent the real sentiment of the Senate which voted it and immediately increased the Naval Appropriation bill, as passed in the House, by $100,000,000; that it is a mere pretence of yielding to the popular demand for real disarmament, the essential dishonesty of which is shown by such speeches as that of Mr. Kelley, of the House Appropriations Committee:

> With this program [that of 1916] we can enter into an agreement to effect a reduction in naval strength throughout the world of 25 per cent or 40 per cent without danger to our national defence, because our relative defence will not diminish, and because when the reduction is made we will still be the equal of any nation in the world in sea power.

To these must be added the business interests to which the continuation of the 1916 program means large profits. And finally there are the strict constructionists who inquire whether the Executive should submit to be advised, urged, authorized or requested by Congress in a matter of foreign affairs.

These objections are answerable singly, and are all beside the real point at issue. The conference of three Powers on limitation of armament does not involve in any sense a sacrifice of a larger policy. Indeed, it is a question whether a single step definitely taken now may not be the most effective initiation of such a policy. The Borah Resolution may be futile in stopping the 1916 program, in the face of the insistence of President, Senate, House, and Invisible Government that this program shall go through, but at least it will bring

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the situation to a focus. By the passage of the Borah Resolution the United States accepts a responsibility which will force even our government to recognize the continuation of the 1916 program for what other nations have already recognized it —an act of bad faith. The immediate loss to American industry through the cessation of the 1916 program will be heavy, but labor in the face of the most calamitous year it has recently known is willing to bear its share. Approval of disarmament is the one measure sure to pass the Convention of the A. F. of L. at Denver. And as for executive ambition and prerogative—surely we can charge the President to fling them away. By that sin fell the angels!

The essential fact is that the Borah Resolution represents the will of the people of the United States. Does anyone imagine that if the Senate were not thoroughly aware of this it would have accepted the Resolution without a dissenting vote? It is a limited, feeble, timid gesture toward world peace, with all the self-consciousness and awkwardness that accompany a first attempt. It may become an attitude, a movement, the first step in a pilgrimage. It is easy to arouse a people's will to war; often a threatening motion far less significant than this of the Borah Resolution has opened the way to combat. Today, for a moment only perhaps, as a resultant of many forces, the people's will is for peace. Shall that will be defeated by the machinery which has been set up to execute it? If so, then once more the people will have been betrayed by their rulers, and the government of the people will have given a reason why it should perish from the earth.

Mexico: Property First?

"THE fundamental question which confronts the government of the United States in considering its relations with Mexico is the safeguarding of property rights against confiscation." That is the view of Secretary Hughes, widely applauded by the press. It is probably approved by a great part of the American public. Whether Mexico becomes an autocracy as under Diaz or a democracy; whether the masses of the population live in comfort and freedom or suffer under exploitation and peonage; whether Mexican civilization is rising toward a higher level or whether the country is sinking back into barbarism: these are questions that do not concern us. But what Mexico does to Doheny's oil titles or Hearst's ranches concerns us vitally.

This, it is worth noting, is a long considered view of Mr. Hughes's. It is practically identical with the view he evolved over four years ago, when he was seeking to define a Mexican policy which should be the antithesis of President Wilson's. That it is long considered, however, does not necessarily make it profound or wise. We venture to assert that if Mr. Hughes had ever reconsidered it he would have found it superficial. There must be something more important in the relations between neighboring states than the property relations involved, or even the commercial relations that are bound up with them. Conceive two alternatives: Mexico orderly, prosperous, working out the unique contribution to civilization that her ethnic character and geographical position promise, or Mexico a welter of anarchy, exploitation, slavery and misery. Should we not choose the former, even if there were not a dollar in it for us? Perhaps we'd choose the former and the dollar too. That is common sense, but putting the dollar first is not the road to what is of paramount value.

But this, it may be said, is preferring ideals to practical interests. Not at all. We have a practical interest of the first importance in the peace and happiness of Mexico. For it is our settled policy that within reach of our arm there shall be orderly government. If Mexico cannot be properly governed by Mexicans, the United States will govern Mexico sooner or later. We are not urging that the United States should undertake the job. We see nothing in the way of lasting benefits from our intervention in Cuba, Haiti and Santo Domingo that would clearly justify the United States in undertaking new enterprises of the kind. All that we suggest is that since the character of the American people is what it is, a prolonged period of chaos in Mexico will produce intervention as surely as a properly aimed gunshot will produce wounds.

Now, we do not believe that there are many Americans so blind to what is going on in the world as to fail to recognize that American rule in Mexico would be attended by grave costs and inconveniences. We might give Mexico an honest and able administration. Under our benevolent rule poverty and illiteracy might be abolished, typhus and other subtropical diseases eliminated, the arts might be encouraged and the cities beautified, yet the Mexicans would hate us, and make our problem of government difficult. The Poles of Posen were more efficiently governed by Prussia than any subject people are likely to be by us. The Croats of the old Dual Empire were lifted to a higher plane of culture and prosperity than that of the Jugoslavs under Serbia. A lot of good intentions have gone into the British rule of Ireland. But in none of these cases have the difficulties of

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alien rule shown a tendency to disappear with time. If we ever permit ourselves to be entangled with the responsibility of governing Mexico, we shall have a Mexican problem to vex us forever.

It is proper for our government to look after American property rights in Mexico. Some hundreds of millions of dollars may conceivably be at stake. But it is more proper for our government to look to the deeper issues of the conditions under which Mexico can govern herself. All the American property in Mexico would go a very short way toward meeting the cost of a serious intervention, not to speak of the recurring charges for the garrisons that would have to be maintained indefinitely on Mexican soil and the enlarged military and naval establishments such a venture in imperial domination would force upon us. Even if we ignore the moral element altogether, we ought to be very slow in applying any policy that reduces the chances that Mexico will manage to govern herself. What common sense dictates is that when we see signs of a promising political development in Mexico, we should, so far as possible, give it our moral support.

Now we think that no candid person would deny that the present government of Mexico has made remarkable progress toward stability. Since the time when De la Huerta took over the administration all the local insurrections that flourished under Carranza have been liquidated. The Villistas and Zapatistas are peacefully tilling the soil. Banditry is all but extinct. Trade is picking up, employment is improving, the public revenues are flowing more copiously. Through the whole period of the De la Huerta and Obregon administration there has been only one serious menace to the peace of Mexico. That has been the attitude of the United States.

That attitude is not so menacing in the Hughes statement as it was in the Fall Resolution. But it is by no means devoid of menace. We protest against the confiscation of legitimately acquired property rights, and very properly. Those rights have not in fact been confiscated: but they might be, under article 27 of the constitution. Therefore we demand as a preliminary to the recognition of the Obregon government, a treaty limiting the operation of the constitution, without giving any consideration to the practical political difficulties involved in the procedure we seek to dictate. How should we receive demands on the part of Japan for a treaty overriding the states rights principles in our own Constitution? We should not even discuss them. We have put to Mexico demands that one state does not put to another of equal standing among the nations.

And this means that if Obregon negotiates with us on the basis of the Hughes principles he will inevitably lay himself open to the attacks of all Mexicans who are sensitive about their national honor. He will be charged with selling out a part of the national sovereignty. But if he refuses to negotiate he will be bitterly attacked by all those who recognize that Mexico can not get on indefinitely without the restoration of friendly relations with the United States.

Mr. Hughes is a lawyer, not a diplomat. He doubtless meant to clarify the Mexican situation by a definite statement of the property rights in the case. He laid down a principle which the Mexican government had only to accept formally as it had voluntarily accepted it informally. For the fact is, the Obregon government does not intend to confiscate the oil properties; neither will any government that succeeds it, unless it wishes to court intervention. The oil men would have been perfectly safe if the Obregon government had been recognized unconditionally, after an informal exchange of views.

But in making recognition depend upon the negotiation of a treaty formally contravening the Mexican constitution Secretary Hughes has gone quite beyond the legitimate claims of American property holders in Mexico. He has put a weapon into the hands of those who wish to overthrow the Obregon government, Americans as well as Mexicans. We grant that such was not his intention. The moral integrity of Secretary Hughes is above question. But an excessive preoccupation with property interests is not conducive to far-sighted statesmanship.

Moving Toward Race War

THERE are men who will frown upon us for even entertaining the hypothesis of a possible race war; for even naming the horror. Paint not the Devil on thy wall, says an old injunction. He will be sure to call to inspect his likeness. Talk about race war and we shall have it. Unhappily, all experience is against the theory that you can ban war and the Devil by refining them out of your vocabulary. We already have manifestations of race war whether we so denominate them or not. What was it but war when whites and blacks battled in Tulsa, killing and burning not out of private vengeance or in private interest, as in ordinary crime, but by collective impulse as in the rage of combat? What were the race riots at East St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, Omaha, but overt acts of war? And what but war spirit is the spirit

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prevailing on both sides far beyond the points of actual conflict?

Thousands of whites are looking to their guns and ammunition; hundreds of thousands are looking to arms as a last resort. Thousands of Negroes are beginning to look to their means of defence and offence. Fortunately there are no politicians, no generals, no sutlers and munition makers that can profit from a race war. There are no huge winds of self-interest blowing upon the embers. Between the races only a "popular war" is possible. Popular wars are slow in developing, but when they break they are terrible, as the Balkans bear witness.

What gives the American race problem a new and menacing aspect is the emergence of a spirit of forcible resistance on the part of the Negroes. "Get a gun," is the advice of scores of Negro leaders. "Hit back; make them respect you." That is dangerous doctrine; if we could kill it by preaching we should preach. But it is impossible to do anything with a doctrine unless you understand it. And we shall never understand the militant attitude among Negroes unless we try to put ourselves in their place. Suppose that America were mainly a black man's country, with nine Negroes to every white. Suppose that the blacks held all the offices, controlled the police and the courts, owned practically all the property, monopolized all lucrative businesses and professions. And then suppose that in addition to exploiting the whites, the Negroes sporadically rushed together in mobs and tore white men away from their families, beat them unmercifully, shot them down or hanged them or even burned them at the stake on charges of crimes that black men's courts would have dealt with not too gently if there had been any semblance of proof. Finally suppose that in some cases the burning of a white man was widely advertised in the press, a holiday declared, and excursion trains put on for the benefit of those who wished to view the spectacle. What white man is there among us who would not get a gun and urge all other white men to do likewise?

But it will be said that the Negroes will not improve their lot by using force; on the contrary, many more will be insulted and abused and slain than would be the case if they accepted the wrongs done them in the old spirit of resignation. We believe that is true. At Tulsa, if the Negroes had made no show of resistance, the most that might have happened was the lynching of one Negro, possibly an impudent fellow though not a criminal. Because a group of Negroes rallied to his defence over a score were killed and more than ten thousand were driven from their homes by fire—men, women and children, in ghastly fear of a mob more cruel than the flames. But a cold blooded calculation of this kind will not carry far in a world which has recently sacrificed twenty million lives to the Manes of an Austrian Archduke. It would not carry far with us whites if we were the minority from which the majority race selected victims to mutilate and torture to death. Why should we expect it to carry far with the Negroes? Are they utterly without a feeling of race solidarity? Are they altogether immune to that species of unreason that makes the white man say: Better ten thousand dead in battle than one single worthless individual wrongfully done to death in despite of his race or nation?

The Negroes are coming into a sense of solidarity: so it is declared by witnesses from all over the country, equally by those who deplore the fact and by those who rejoice in it. They are coming into a spirit of collective self-defence, often a truculent spirit. It is asserted by Southerners that the war is responsible for this spirit, and there is much to be said for this view. The Negroes who faced the German guns and were regarded as citizens of the first class when it came to stopping German bullets might easily become centres of disaffection with a civil status ranging from disfranchisement to death at the stake. But war or no war, it was probably bound to come. The servile acceptance of kindness or outrage at the hands of the white man could not survive slavery by many generations.

Whatever its origin, the spirit of collective resistance is abroad in the Negro population. And that spirit presents a grave challenge to Americans. Shall we go on about our other affairs as heretofore declaring complacently that the race problem is one that can never be solved? Or shall we address ourselves seriously to finding a modus vivendi under which the Negro will be assured of his ordinary rights as a man? Mob law and peonage, as every intelligent person now recognizes, can be maintained only at the cost of increasing race bitterness, breaking out sporadically in manifestations of race war. They must inevitably make life and property less secure for Americans of both races, not only in the South but wherever the Negroes have gained a foothold in the North. The Negro will no doubt suffer most from race war but the whites will also suffer incalculable losses. Are we not as a people possessed of sufficient common sense and political sagacity to check so disastrous a tendency while there is yet time? The problem is not an insoluble one. There are hundreds of communities, South and North, where the two races live together on terms of cordial goodwill. What has been done in some communities can be done in all, if we attack the problem in a spirit of common sense and common justice.

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The Factory Test in Colleges

ONE of the curiosities of our college educational system, noted by Dr. Miller in his comprehensive article published in this issue, is the absence of a searching and thorough testing of the products. It is not surprising that the product itself should show a certain reluctance in submitting to critical examination; but that those responsible for the product should manifest so little interest and confidence in tests of their own devising makes one pause and question. The automobile of new model, about to graduate from the factory, is put into the hands of the most violent and exacting chauffeur with orders to run it on a corduroy road or a railroad track and break it if possible. Why do not colleges do the like?

Well, in the first place the answer is that the product of college is a human being and not a machine. No single uniform test will disclose with anything like exactness the results of the training to which the human product has been subjected. The cases, and they are legion, in which the stone which the builders almost rejected and which became the headstone of the corner rise in disconcerting numbers at every class reunion to confound academic wisdom, and bring its judgments to confusion. Success in life is the final test: Who's Who is the accepted measure of weight and fineness of the currency which the colleges emit annually into the markets of the world. But the query arises to what extent this success in life is due to the college training and to what extent it is won independently, or even in spite of such training. As Lawrence Godkin used to say, "Yale men say deef and believe in the Trinity, but they do get before the public." And at best the test of survival is a rough one and cruel. Surely the college should be able to anticipate the results of the struggle for existence, to modify the verdict of natural selection, to correct its own processes in the light of the survival of its fittest.

Undoubtedly the colleges are taking thought in this matter. The evidence collected by class secretaries is being codified and scrutinized and we trust in some cases applied in the organization of faculties and curricula. This, however, is analagous to the procedure of the automobile company which collects evidence from its purchasers and tries in the light of it to improve its output. Is it possible in the academic system to forecast these results in any degree by what corresponds to a factory test?

The old confidence in "examinations," those survivals of the days when education was defined by a prescribed curriculum, has gone. The examinations for admission have been discarded in most colleges. The final examinations in college courses are held lightly, almost apologetically. The student's position is naturally that of Saint Augustine, in regard to certain Christian dogmas. "If you don't ask me, I know; but if you ask me I know nothing," and this attitude is received with considerable tolerance by the educational experts. Even where belief in final examinations is still an article in the academic creed the ease with which, in all but specialized courses, the wit of the examiner can be baffled by tutors and summarizers, is a matter for scoffing. Undoubtedly the tendency is more and more strongly to assess education quantitatively, by the number of hours spent in class room or laboratory. Milton if he were living at this hour would doubtless paraphrase himself to say "I call a complete and generous education that which consists of 2,460 semester hours of class work in school and college, with two hours of preparation to one of class work."

But the conscience of faculties who feel that something worthy in the nature of a factory test is desirable before the institution puts its stamp of approval on the finished product is still heard. Dr. Miller cites the example of professional schools which hold a final examination, oral and written, on the entire course as a preliminary to graduation. Some years ago Harvard introduced a similar test for men concentrating in government and history, and has lately extended the plan to other concentration groups. The chief difficulty in upholding this requirement will doubtless be found in the large amount of time and effort necessary to its efficient administration. Examination is far more difficult than lecturing, and less enjoyable, and we shall doubtless hear protests against diverting so large a share of pedagogical energy from teaching, and the fear expressed that the faculty will become an examining rather than a teaching body.

Of course, in its true conception, examination is teaching in its highest form. The examiner is not for the moment, or primarily, engaged in imparting information, or in extracting it, but rather in enforcing the conclusions to be drawn from it, or the practical applications to be made of it. A true examination will reflect the aim of education, which is not so much the acquisition of knowledge as the ability to acquire it when needed, to reason from it and base judgments upon it. An examination will serve not only to test but to develop this power. The false idea of the use of the examination was vividly illustrated a few weeks ago by Mr. Edison's list of questions drawn indiscriminately from geography, history, science, and the industrial arts. The utter failure of college students

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and college professors to deal adequately with these questions was the cause of much ribald comment in the press. As a matter of fact the list would provide a useful test if applied to a student entering college to show the direction of his interest or curiosity—his mental habits and his mnemonic power, a sort of higher Binet-Simon test. It would be a useful test for a group of freshmen who have been made free of the library, to show how quickly they could acquire the necessary knowledge from current sources. It was the comment of Professor Einstein that though he did not know the answers he could look them up—and it is significant that the man who knew them all was found in a library among other works of reference.

Above all, it should be remembered that the primary purpose of all college examinations and marking systems is to test the institution, not the student. The breaking down and casting away of an automobile on its first painful testing journey over the railroad ties may be a tragedy for the machine, but the real importance of the incident is to the factory which is responsible for ten thousand cars of the same model and possibly with the same defects. Allowing always for the essential difference between a human and a mechanical product, the college should scrutinize its own processes and results with the same jealous self-consciousness as the factory. In the first place, a college faculty should pass an examination every year on its own curriculum. The elective system invites students to choose courses freely according to taste and temper; unfortunately, it invites the faculty to offer courses in the same loose fashion. Every course in the elective pamphlet should be passed upon not only by the department in which it is offered but by a committee of the group to which the department belongs, and valued according to its contribution to the intellectual equipment and training of the student. In the second place, the final examination in each course should be scrutinized to determine whether the course is fulfilling its function. As Dr. Miller points out, it is impossible for college presidents and deans to acquaint themselves in detail with the processes under their direction by visiting classes, and the practice of basing judgments on the evidence of students has obvious disadvantages. But the final examination which the instructor sets his students is a fair test of his own conception of his course, not only with regard to its subject matter, but with regard to the use, intellectual or practical, to be made of that material. The simplest way to bring college work as a whole under scrutiny is to print the examinations in all courses, as is done at Harvard, and circulate them in pamphlet form among the faculty. Finally, the marking of students on the results of their work may be salutary for them or the reverse, but there can be no question of the value of the practice to the instructor. We hear much about the evil of the preoccupation of the student mind with marks, to the exclusion of values. The real preoccupation with marks should be on the part of the men giving them and thus fixing the standards of their institution. No more useful plan has been devised than that in use in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where the marks of all students in all subjects are submitted in a tabular view to the consideration of all instructors. The searching nature of this test upon the men responsible for various parts of the educational process needs not be dwelt upon.

Undoubtedly all tests and the mechanical devices to make them effective are subject to over-emphasis and abuse. The chief reason for discussing them at this time is that the danger is in the other direction, that through a combination of scepticism and laziness on the part of college faculties we may lose the value of them altogether. And there is the further question whether the product which the colleges, after the most careful testing, turn out and guarantee is the one which the world demands and for which it is willing to pay—whether the colleges are not in effect turning out thousands of Pierce-Arrows and Cadillacs when the demand is for Fords, and how far these ambitious models survive by assimilating themselves secretly and painfully to the Ford type and function. But that is for the class secretaries to answer.

Stable Money

IF there is one thing on which all conservatives ought to be agreed, it is the desirability of a money standard fluctuating only imperceptibly in purchasing power. It is an essential part of the conservative ideal that every man should act with foresight, accumulate savings against a rainy day, make provision by insurance against unforeseen contingencies. These things can be done, in the circumstances in which most men find themselves, only through the accumulation of money, or by contracts for the payment of money. But if money is unstable in value, if the ten dollars saved today may be worth only five ten years from now, if the sums laboriously put into an insurance policy dwindle and all but disappear, all thrift becomes in a measure a delusion. And those who have found themselves deluded will hardly set themselves up to extol the virtues of thrift.

It is also an essential part of the conservative

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ideal that contracts should mean what they imply. When a man engages to work for the government or for a private business at fixed wages what he has in mind is the money's worth he is to receive. But if money ranges wildly in purchasing power, it may well be that before a contract of service has expired, the wages stipulated will fall far short of the money's worth that both parties to the contract had in mind. It is a condition that does not make for that sacredness of contracts upon which modern economic life is premised.

These may at one time have seemed to be purely academic considerations. They seem so no longer. The war, with its extravagant increase in prices, forced the dullest wits to recognize the difference between money and money's worth. The decline in purchasing power of money impoverished its hundreds of thousands. All incomes consisting of interest were cut in two, for the period of the war; nor have they yet risen to more than two-thirds of their pre-war value. It is doubtful whether in our lifetime they will recover all their pre-war purchasing power. All pensions have been ruthlessly shorn down. All fixed salaries have suffered severely. All insurance policies have been watered. We have seen no statistics which give a measure of the losses thus sustained in the United States through fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. But they must mount up into the billions. Indeed, we dare to guess that the American bourgeoisie has lost more money, through this cause, than the Russian bourgeoisie has lost through the Bolshevik revolution. The Russian bourgeoisie have made the whole world ring with their losses; our bourgeoisie have suffered in silence. The difference is not, of course, merely one of national capacity for expression. Our bourgeoisie were robbed quietly, under anaesthetics, as it were. But robbed they were, and they knew it. What do they propose to do about it?

Most of them intend to do nothing but hope for a shift in the price level that may rob somebody else for their benefit. But there is a little group of men, mostly scientists and men of active public spirit, who propose to attack the evil at its source and transform the dollar into a unit of purchasing power whose meaning is not ambiguous. They have organized the Stable Money League, with headquarters at Washington. The plan most in favor with these men is that which has been proposed by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University. Under this plan the purchasing power of the dollar would be controlled by varying the amount of gold entering into it. It is a plan which has encountered much criticism, some of it formidable, but most of it mere prejudice against any change from the sacrosanct traditional gold standard. We shall not attempt here to defend or to criticize a plan to whose exposition its author has devoted scores of pamphlets as well as substantial books. It would work, we believe, if not so smoothly as the prospectus promises, yet with infinitely better results than our present fluctuating standard.

But if this particular plan is defective is it not incumbent upon our financial leaders to devise another plan that would produce the desired result? They all agree that there is such a thing as a measure of purchasing power. They all know when purchasing power is falling and when it is rising. They all know that every rise or every fall inflicts huge unmerited losses on one class, and presents huge unmerited gains to another class. They know that fluctuations in the value of money inevitably bring on strikes, injunctions, riots, martial law and all the rest of the disorders that throw a shadow upon our national life. The need of a stable monetary medium is great, and every financier knows it. An equally pressing need in the mechanical world would instantly evoke a thousand competing inventions, the best of which would promptly be applied. Is there no inventive capacity latent among financiers? Or are they so well satisfied with the gains insiders can make in time of price fluctuations that they prefer conditions as they are to any improvement, however useful to the public?

The Stable Money League is a challenge to the financiers. Either they may continue to treat the general interest in stable money with contempt, or they may accept Fisher's plan or devise a better. If they pursue the former course they will have small ground for complaint if revived populism and socialism take the work of improving the money standard away from them.

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The Great College Illusion

THE great college illusion is the faith that the accumulation of buildings, "courses," degrees, and students characteristic of the last fifty years is a progress in education. In other words, the illusion is that you can attain the purpose of education without trying to attain it, without knowing definitely what it is, without seeking till you find the definite means that will secure it; that you can attain it by letting it take care of itself. Most briefly, the placid faith in question is that we are educating (without test to prove it) because we are going through the forms. Many of us have crept into the assumption that the college, as now arranged and operating, is a divine creation, so to speak, like the animal body, that carries on its vital functions by unconscious process and only has to be fed (by endowments) and protected from attack, to be all that it could be; so that to take thought for its functions and inquire whether they are fulfilled is a sort of morbid invalidism or irritating pedantry that needs to be put down with a high hand or with a smile.

But no! We must come down to the admission that the college is the work of human hands, a piece of machinery to accomplish a specified end and that it must be tended and watched with vigilant care to secure this accomplishment. True, it gathers a community with an atmosphere and spirit of its own, but no more than any other community can it be abandoned to chance and drifting. There is no safety but in the old rule, respice finem; the great illusion is but a case of the human failing that may be called occupationism (an ugly word for an ugly fact)—a physician might call it a form of occupation-psychosis; that is, the continued operation of the machinery with its daily details, the carrying on of the occupation according to custom, quite crowds out the question what it is for and whether it compasses its end. What is needed is merely practicality,—to remember what we are doing. The college is suffering from absent-mindedness. It must put its mind on its work—the mind of a college!

Those who look to its presiding purpose and compare it with the reality, see first of all an extraordinary lack of tests; tests, that is, that tell how far it is fulfilling its purpose, how far it is educating. "What has a student got from us in his four or three years, what difference have we wrought in him, with our classes, with the college life and the college tone?" No one puts this question with any intention of insisting upon an answer. The trustees take for granted that the time-honored college machinery is adapted to its purpose; to a member of the faculty it would not occur to raise so unbusinesslike, visionary and smile-provoking a question; parents, on that main head, trust the college; and students do not ask the question till some years after they are out in the world and the answer cannot help them personally. To expect the embattled alumni to give a practical thought to the matter which neither faculty nor trustees have given, would be idle. None of the groups are facing the question how to test their educational product, because they have formed no clear idea of what their product ought to be; amazing to state, their attention is not fixed upon their product at all. A true college man does not like to hear his institution compared to a factory. But the truth is that in one vital respect it is inferior to a factory, namely that the factory is anxiously attentive to its output. Let us avoid exaggeration; but is it not the sober truth that if an enthusiastic graduate or official wishes to "boom the college," that is to advertise it and increase its popularity, the last means that occurs to him is to *improve the product* and make it palpably excel that of other institutions? That would seem to him too difficult and vague an enterprise. Of course "our men are a fine lot" but that we could make them definitely and measurably surpass other collegians in education or qualification for life is really "too large an order." In other words, under all the enthusiasm or loyalty lies a profound and tacit scepticism as to the power of college education to compass any such results. Definite results to be verified by testing the product are the last thing the college can be said to be looking for.

This is only natural, granted human nature and the circumstances. And equally natural is it that the professional schools should be feeling the need of such test. The professional schools are closer to life and must in some degree look to their product. The Harvard Medical School, the Harvard Divinity School and Union Theological Seminary at least have added *general examinations* to the examinations at the close of specific courses of instruction. The purpose of these general examinations is to test the general fitness of the students to receive their diplomas. The new so-called examinations in Harvard College are departmental, not strictly general. The college seems not to be for anything in particular; how could one possibly test the state of education of its would-

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be graduates? The President of Amherst has proposed to do this very thing; if the reader would measure the degree of inattention to the product that prevails let him note just how much practical interest and support this proposal, in its general character distinctly epoch making, has obtained. Such a plan actually forces faculties to consider what the students should receive at their hands. What a capricious demand!

The moment we look at the college course as a means to an end we have to look at it as a whole. Now the curious fact is that no official of the college has direct knowledge of it as a whole. A factory or a large shop has a general manager and department managers. A college has department managers but not, in the same sense, any general manager. The professor knows his own classroom but not the classrooms of other professors. The dean and president do not know any of the classrooms except so far as they may gather fragmentary and inexpert information about them from the students, know the professors who preside in them, and carefully study the examination papers. Oddly enough, the only one who has a survey over the whole curriculum together is the student. Under a prescribed system he sees all the classrooms, he knows the entire educational machinery at first hand; under an elective system he naturally sees a number of the popular courses. But the student, who thus alone has the knowledge, is powerless both by training and by position to apply it to the improvement of the institution.

What shall be done by way of remedy? Shall the president or a committee visit the classrooms? This of course has been done and to little profit. Knowledge of a cross-section is not knowledge of a whole course of instruction and neither president nor committees has time for long attendance on many courses. And there are other difficulties. Shall the president, the dean or the chairman of a Committee on Instruction question the students systematically? Time would fail to question a sufficient number of students with sufficient thoroughness, and, were this done, it would be a sorry substitute for direct knowledge.

But give attention to the product and at once the difficulty is met. This is what the factory does. A defect in the product is looked into and traced to the department where it originated. To this the general examination corresponds. The separate courses are *united in the student,* upon whom each one should have bestowed its contribution and left its mark. What should be asked of them is educational results. And these can be ascertained by looking for them in the student.

It is supremely natural that colleges should not think of results; no institution or profession is prone to do so unless compelled. Not even competition and the struggle for existence compel any but the most enterprising and vigorously conducted business and manufacturing houses to keep the keenest eye on their product. And neither trustees, faculty nor president depend for their livelihood upon giving any distinct attention to it at all. The questions, "What am I undertaking to accomplish?" and "How best can I accomplish it?" would seem natural also, but the law of routine hopelessly submerges them. Occupationism is an original sin, if you please, a damnosa haereditas in human nature. The question of end becomes too "academic" even for an academy.

How far are colleges aware that the entire business world is becoming in this sense academic; that hardly a trade but has its meeting at which papers are read and means keenly canvassed in the light of ends; that it is in the literature of business today that practical logic finds its most splendid development? In truth the question of means and ends is precisely the reverse of academic; it is practical necessity in its direr forms that coerces men into taking intelligent account of it. College officials being paid by time to work an existing machinery and not "by the job" of producing the valuable product will, as human things go, have no sufficient motive to adapt this machinery to its old original end—especially as parents have no definite idea of what they are paying for—and it is only to some individual, some "spontaneous variation," some exceptional president or trustee who chances to possess "vision," that is to say, eyesight to detect the tragic practical need that the colleges should execute to the full their ancient purpose, that we can look for remedy. President G. Stanley Hall remarks in his admirably suggestive book on Morale that no good will come out of faculties. From the side of faculties it may be commented that the college is at present so organized or customed as positively to discourage good coming out of them. No one gains by introducing disturbing proposals; for there is no public sentiment that sets a due value on effectual education and the proposals that further it. The planning enthusiasm natural to a minority of young professors breaks in vain for the most part against these obstacles, unless it is associated with decisive official power. In any legislative and deliberative body there is a tendency to stagnation in the more fundamental matters unless there is a constituency or an executive demanding and welcoming improvement.

Moreover the lifework, chief interest and primary responsibility of each professor is in his own separate department—viewed not as a means of

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equipping a man, but as in itself an interesting subject, an important form of scholarship. The duty of giving the expected lectures, tasks and examinations in that special subject is associated with the word education, but does not usually involve any study or pondering of the question what education human life requires. In brief, extremely few professors are experts in the subject of education, or at present fitted to act, as members of a faculty, in deciding what educational product the institution should bring forth. What we have too often when questions are raised is, as an eminent trustee has said, "vested interests contending for their rights, with no one to represent the public."

On the other hand those in this country who do stand for an expert specialism in education suffer, many of them (invaluable work though they have done), under the disadvantage of a merely prosaic and mechanical outlook, a scant or untrained sense of the part that taste, imagination, and enlargement of experience through humane literature have to play in higher education. In short, the defect of many experts in education is that they are insufficiently educated. They are often better specialists in the means than in the ends, and for that reason imperfect specialists in the means.

None the less the college undertakes to be a home of thought and has the duty, if not the incentive, to address itself to the question of what college education should impart. No doubt we feel at first a vague panic at the doctrinaire entanglements that the question threatens. But indeed it may be dealt with in a handy fashion that avoids futilities.

Going back then to the primal principle, the college course should prepare for life,—and as Dean Woodbridge has finely added, be itself a satisfactory portion of life. Before this principle the conflict between professional and "liberal" or vocational and "cultural" aims looks like trifling. The life work is a great part of life but not the whole. On the other hand the interests identified with "culture" have no claim to be considered in college save as they demonstrably contribute to the well-being of life. Besides the lifework must be considered the bodily life, the family relation, the civic and social relation, recreation, and the individual's happiness.

In face of these obvious needs it is curious to hear it said that the aim of the college is "intellectual education" or the like. The aim of the college is surely to do all the good to the student for his entire life that by developing aptitudes, feelings and knowledge a residential or day-school for boys becoming men can do—physical, moral and mental. Why should it repudiate any form of benefit that it is able to confer? It does so only by surrendering to some arbitrary formula that has effected lodgment in its memory and declining to take a view of its whole situation and opportunity.

Putting aside for want of space physical education in the college, a splendid and partly neglected opportunity, let us turn to intellectual education. More than one form of intellectual training obviously is requisite for life; but the most beneficial, the most essential is the training of judgment. For by judgment life is steered; and how inexpert, how fatuous is the ordinary steering! What tragedy on all sides calls aloud for the training of judgment! Good judgment is of course in part a natural gift; that is, one student, apart from training, will have more of it than another. But only in part; a good judgment is always a trained judgment—trained usually by experience. And because there is no systematic training of judgment, there hardly exists such a thing as a judgment good on all sides. Such a mind would be trained in caution; will have that exact ignorance and power of inquiry which is the next best thing to exact knowledge. A man is perhaps judicious in his own field if experience has pressed and natural faculties have aided. What is needed is a training in versatile judgment as the most precious single benefit that the college can bestow.

The best proof of this need is the manner in which such a suggestion would ordinarily be received. It seems utopian, chimerical. Who should hold the examination on good judgment? Good judgment is my judgment, bad judgment is anybody else's judgment. From this realm of chaos and ancient night is there really no escape? Is there no such thing as the triumphant experimental method? Is there no such thing as putting opinion to the test of facts? Really no more need be said. It is for the college as the intended stronghold of intelligence to point to the one supreme discipline of intelligence, comparison with the facts. Let us select exercises that can be corrected by accessible fact. Let the student formulate his best opinion on a "case" set before him. Let him then confront the sequel or fuller facts and make the correction. The cases can be drawn from life and experience, from biography, from the newspaper, even from the novel and the drama so long as something in the nature of test, verification, the commentary of facts can be provided. The method is but an adaptation of the "case-system" of Langdell, already adapted by Dr. Richard C. Cabot to medical teaching. In a form comparable to that here required it has been brilliantly ex-

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plained and elaborately employed by Marshal Foch in the Higher War School at Paris. There cannot on the battlefields, says M. Foch, be any recalling of precedents. The instinctive judgment should be trained by precedents. In the game of tennis when we return an awkward ball in a new and unexpected position we do not recall how we have done it before, but the training of innumerable previous cases has entered into our "lower centres," into our instinctive judgment, and enables us by a new combination to make the return. Just so it must be in life. The judgment should be trained by effectual dealing with innumerable and varied cases.

Every college study can help to train the judgment, but the discipline under which this training particularly falls is logic. At present this subject is taught by a grotesque old method and type of textbook in which the crying needs of life are—not the first thing considered; a teaching true and sound, containing some useful exercises if rightly directed, but grotesque by its incompleteness, its disproportion and false emphasis. We need, not to give it up entirely, but to give the chief place to a teaching which begins not from standards of ideal accuracy but from life, and formulates with sufficient accuracy the tests that determine the correctness of action, in other words the tests that correct opinion by facts. All that is required for such a new method is an ordered collection of cases comparable to those of the case-book employed in a law school or to Dr. Cabot's Case-Teaching in Medicine. Or again, to the collection of historic cases in Marshal Foch's Principles of War.

The only way to give students a desired quality or aptitude is to aim expressly and directly at it. At present can it candidly be said that there is any college instruction that aims at forming judgment in any but the vaguest, haphazard, untested way? There is a general fond faith that college studies have this effect. Why neglect the ample means of driving straight at the mark?

We come here upon a grave obstacle in the present organization of college teaching. It results in a clash between information and education. The formal organization of courses of instruction is based almost wholly upon the assumption that the object is to impart information, not to train the faculties of the mind. The courses are nearly all laid out by subject-matter and the professor feels an obligation to "get over the ground," even if he notices that the class would be more aided by lingering and gaining a competent grasp of some earlier phase of the subject. He is committed by his promise to "give the course" to push on to its end. If in consequence they merely skim the surface that is their "fault," not his. The students accept the assumption without a qualm. An excellent young worker has been heard roundly to condemn a course on sociology for the sole reason that it did not reach the end of its program.

Here we have one principal reason why our American Rhodes scholars have fared so badly in some respects in the comparison with their English fellows. At Oxford and Cambridge, as President Aydelotte has remarked, men "study subjects" while in America they "take courses." And in studying a subject, one must be well grounded in its elements. Astonishing examples could be given of students of "Ph. D." standing who lack drill in vital elements of their subject. Besides taking courses and studying subjects there is a third possibility: one may gain an education. That is, one may by active use of subjects become a competent mind.

To attain this end for his pupils the instructor must make it the one controlling end. The instructor should have the freedom to depart from his syllabus (there should be a syllabus to show the lay of the land), to follow any happy and fertile thought that may come to the surface and that catches the students' interest. Psychologically, teaching is a difficult, precarious, elusive process and for success the teacher must be liberated from any considerations or restrictions but one. He must be free to "follow the gleam" of fertile and stimulating interest. He must justify himself by results, as (partly!) capable of test in general examination, in which he should himself take a hand in order to have an opportunity of showing his students' "points" to the other examiners. As he teaches his eye must be on his product.

The greater wealth of interest and spontaneity, the greater reality that develops in the course thus conducted is remarkable. It enables the teacher to pursue with a single eye what has theoretically been so much celebrated, "the point of contact." One who stands out as amongst the brilliantly successful teachers in our history, Garman of Amherst, followed this method. He kept his course flexible, watched the class, experimented with it and determined the reading to be done outside sometimes from day to day by the changing interest and inquiry of the classroom. Everything was subordinated to that one interest. There were no concurrent lines of work within the course; it ran upon an absolutely single track. Few teachers have the courage to do this. They may try but they are held back and defeated by some lingering impression that at least they must finish this or that, include one or another topic that the students "have a right" to expect. Apparently the one thing that the student has not the right to expect is an education. What

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the teacher needs is strength of character to hew to the line, cutting away everything that comes between him and his one object.

If applied, for instance, in a course on the history of literature in some past century, the teacher would feel that his objective was an interest and comprehension in the student's mind of the spirit of that time as expressed in literature. Such information as is requisite that the student may know his way about is strictly incidental to this aim; but in the fight between information and education the former must be subjugated and no aim control save that of finding the documents or passages in that literature which will hold the student and live for him. Through this door alone can he be given the freedom of that literature. General summaries and chronicles must give way to the concrete page and impression. To this end the method which our French visitor, Professor Lanson, has reproached us for neglecting, "the explication of texts," is happily adapted. The extent to which a student (or anybody) may be trusted to read a book by himself and understand it, is greatly exaggerated.

There is such a literature on methods of elementary teaching as to expose by contrast the scant attention paid to methods of college or professional teaching. The threadbare maxim that you can learn to do a thing only by doing it is hackneyed in utterance but by no means in application, except in laboratory subjects. It has become so "tiresome" in print that we do not realize how refreshing it would be in practice. The true way to teach is that of the distinguished painter in a Paris atelier who passes from easel to easel giving a "stroke of the eye" to each pupil's painting and suggesting how to improve it; or of the eminent Leipsic pianist for whom one pupil after another plays a piece receiving criticism. The student's mind must produce; and be corrected when it produces amiss, fecundated when it produces meagrely.

Many subjects in college are adapted to the following method: the student stands behind a "standing-desk" and reads a brief paper (strictly without padding) to the class, who then one after another in order criticize it and express themselves on the same topic; finally the instructor discusses it systematically. Before long it is found that the student wants to write, that his classmates are ready to speak more freely than they would to him out of class, and that the ground is prepared by interest and personal feeling for the concluding remarks of the instructor. The growth of minds is remarkable.

Let us remember the extreme difference of approach of instructor and student. When the former lectures he is speaking out of a spontaneous interest of his own. The hour is not long for there is much that he desires to utter. On the student's side, under a lecture, there is nothing spontaneous. The thought does not arise from his mind but is precipitated upon it. How small the chance that his interests will be met! By this method of production on his own part, however, his speech does arise, or soon will, out of his interests, and he has a personal interest in defending it after it is delivered. The method does solve the formidable problem of exciting interest. The necessary information can be conveyed by reading outside the classroom. If it be objected that classes are too large for this plan, at least let us frankly admit that in that case we are giving instruction which is inefficient in order to be cheap.

The method requires, however, a relative self-effacement on the part of the instructor which is morally difficult. For him lecturing is undoubtedly the most comfortable mode of respiration during the class hour. Moreover it is a kind of sedative, an opiate to all parties, by which in the presence of a thin substitute for education they are able to forget the aching need of the reality. The lecture, as a professor of biology scientifically remarked, is a method by which the student is enabled to lean back perfectly at leisure and observe the personal peculiarities of the lecturer. A distinguished professor once remarked, "It is all right to talk with the students in conference now and then but at the regular class-hour the professor must have his chance to give a satisfactory exposition of his subject." He must "have his chance"; this brings out happily that the lecture is really for the professor, one of his sadly few forms of enjoyment. It is he for whom the lecture is to be "satisfactory," not the student. After all, examinations are not so very frequent and it is only when they come, "when the books of the Judgment Day unfold," that the professor feels with a pang how large a proportion of his satisfactory lectures was spilled upon the ground. Even then, by that curious consolatory resort called blame, directed at the students, he can assuage his temporary sufferings. And by the time he begins another course of lectures a partial oblivion has done the rest. The great illusion possesses him again.

These suggestions are but the veriest beginning upon a subject whose possibilities cannot easily be overrated. These possibilities will not be realized without the economical use of means aimed at an end firmly faced.

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

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The Wage Curve

INDUSTRY says labor must be cheapened, for else prosperity cannot be reconstructed. Finance says normal conditions will not be realized again until,—quoting the National City Bank's April circular,—"the compensation of workers is brought back into an equilibrium." Labor says no standard of living is yet high enough and wages shall not be touched. But all the time the real question is: can wages be liquidated? It never has happened.

If you plot a curve of wages,—money wages,—for the last one hundred years it will resemble in profile the rise of a mountain range from the foothills, broken from time to time by notches and minor retrogressions, but rising steadily in the mean line until 1918, when it leaps to a great height. Then if you plot a statistical curve of prices for the same years the line will resemble a chronic fever chart. The alternations of high and low are sudden and whimsical, but both the extremes are aimlessly repeated and there is no trend. That is to say, there are limits top and bottom through which the curve does not pass so long as the patient lives. Now if you can imagine imposing one curve upon the other you will have a fair picture of what passes.

Prices go up and down repetitiously, with no permanent tendency, whereas wages tend always to rise. When prices have a great swing up, wages follow. They lag, they may fall very far behind, but they do follow. Then when prices collapse, wages, although they may at the same time and generally do react, invariably remain higher than they were before; and from this higher level they go up again with the next sustained rise in prices. This is the money wage we are talking about. For the real wage, which is the amount of goods a given amount of wage money will buy, it is impossible to construct a satisfactory third curve, owing to the variables of the case. However, it is clear to reflection that if the worker's real wage is diminished when prices rise faster than money wages, because his money will buy less than before, the converse must also be true, that when prices fall faster than money wages his real wage is increased, for then his money will buy more of the things that satisfy human wants.

The Bureau of Statistics of the United States Department of Labor has prepared an index number of money wages per hour running from 1840 to 1920. The average wage in 1913 is taken as the base of 100. By five-year periods since 1840 the comparisons are as follows:

year	wage per hr	year	wage per hr
1840.....	33	1885.....	64
1845.....	35	1890.....	69
1850.....	38	1895.....	68
1855.....	39	1900.....	73
1860.....	58	1905.....	82
1865.....	67	1910.....	93
1870.....	67	1915.....	103
1875.....	60	1920.....	234
1880.....	64		

There was a sharp decline after the panic of 1873. Yet the lowest point touched in that reaction left wages 50 per cent higher than they were before the Civil War, and a recovery almost immediately took place, whereas prices continued to fall for twenty years. There was another slight reaction in wages after the panic of 1893. Save for these two interruptions the upward trend of wages has been continuous for eighty years. Prices in that time performed several major movements of rise and fall. Money wages in 1920 were three and a half times higher than in 1870. Prices were not three and a half times higher. They were only about twice as high. Statistically it appears that real wages all this time must have been rising. That is true. It is proved deductively by the fact that the standard of common living has improved.

What remains to be argued, since business seems to have forgotten it again, is that the improvement in the standard of living is owing largely to the human impossibility of liquidating wages. Always when profits have disappeared suddenly in the depths business calls upon the wage earner to practice thrift and self-denial, to give up his extravagant ways, to forego the satisfaction of those new wants which have been created in him and accept lower wages for the sake of prosperity. The exhortation is utterly wasted. Once having lived better people will not go back. They cannot be reconciled to former conditions. The equilibrium has to be restored in another way.

Some fall of the wage curve from the high point of 1920 is dynamically inevitable, by a law of action and reaction from which nothing is exempt. Reductions ranging from 10 to 30 per cent are coming into effect. Drastic as that may sound, the

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cut is not deep in a relative sense. You could not call it a liquidation of wages.

In a recently published bulletin on wages in the textile industry the Bureau of Statistics, United States Department of Labor, set out figures to show that a reduction of 22½ per cent if applied uniformly to the 1920 earnings per hour, would still leave wages 3.6 times higher than in 1907, 3.2 times higher than in 1913, and 1.8 times higher than in 1918.

The same Bureau presents an index number of average union wages in a variety of trades, showing an increase from 102 in 1914 to 199 in 1920.

The rise in the average yearly wage of railway employees from 1914 to the high point of 1920 was even greater. It is estimated by the Department of Labor at 134 per cent. A return to the railway wage rates of 1914 is something no one contemplates, not even the choleric Mr. Atterbury.

There is no science of wages. As prices rise the burden of costlier living bears upon all alike, but wages are not adjusted in a horizontal manner, neither as between groups nor for the different kinds of labor within one group. In the transportation group this was very remarkable. Organized labor with the power to strike got more than unorganized labor. Industries in which there was a grand ecstacy of profits raised wages in a reckless, extravagant manner; in other less volatile industries the adjustments were slow and full of comparative inequities. So that when you seek a statistical generalization to express the relation between the rise of wages and the rise in the cost of living you are on shifting ground. Roughly it seems fair to say that in the six years, 1914-1920, wages in the average doubled. To get them back to where they were you would need to halve them, and no such thing is proposed. Probably no employer even dreams of it, not that he might not like to see it happen, but that it is unimaginable.

The cost of living in the same six years more than doubled. Those arithmetical devices called index numbers which express fluctuations in the average price of commodities all testify that wholesale prices more than doubled. Dun's Index Number gives a rise of 120 per cent; Bradstreet's one of 140 per cent. Retail prices advanced more. How much more there is no accurate way of saying.

From the high plane of 1920 wholesale prices have suffered the most violent decline ever known. Some commodities have declined to the pre-war level; a few have gone below it. In the average about six-tenths of the whole rise of 1914-20 has been cancelled in a few months. Retail prices have declined somewhat less. This would be expected. The discrepancy is temporary. If wholesale prices should rest where they are retail prices normally would continue to fall, as old, dear merchandise gradually disappears from the retailers' shelves.

Summarily one may say that the cost of living rose one and a third, perhaps one and a half, times faster than wages, so that at the extreme high prices of 1920 the purchasing power of wages was less than in 1914, hence the catastrophic slump in buying which upset business. Since then prices have fallen very much faster than wages, and the purchasing power of wages therefore is much enhanced. This advantage accruing to the wage earner is offset by the fact that the total disbursement of wage money has decreased, owing to so much unemployment. However, unemployment is a temporary condition. If labor were fully employed, even at such wage reductions as now are taking effect, prices remaining as they are, the wage earner would obviously be better off, with a larger command over goods than perhaps ever before. And then, after a time, if prices began again to rise and wages followed from the new level, you would have a repetition of what has happened always before, that is, a persistent upward trend of wages through all the wild ups and downs of the feverish price chart.

Looking at this statistical picture one may say: "Labor's share increases all the time. Whatever happens to prices, wages stay up. The end of that is that labor will get everything. Ultimately there will be no profit in business."

Not so. This has been going on for a very long time and the profit in business has not tended to vanish. Though labor's command over goods is increased it does not follow that its share in the total product is greater. There are more goods to be shared.

Hitherto the effect of a mighty fall of prices, with the impossibility at the same time of liquidating wages, has been creative. The thing first created is a necessity; and the necessity creates new wealth. The producer is put upon his ingenuity to save himself. He cannot bring wages down to where they were before. But presently he discovers that he is not primarily interested in wages as such. His proper study is the labor cost of production. They are not at all the same thing. Digging a ditch in Mexico with peon labor at 25 cents a day, or in Colorado with skilled American labor working automatic machinery in gloves at $10 a day, may come to exactly the same labor cost per cubic yard of dirt moved.

The problem of business is not how to liquidate wages, but how to liquidate labor costs, which may be done by increasing the use and efficiency of high-

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power tools, by improving its methods of production and distribution and by eliminating innumerable forms of gross economic waste. It has faced this same problem before. If it had not been obliged to do so, under pressure of rising wages, many of its modern achievements would never have come to pass. And if it cannot face it successfully again, then it is bankrupt in imagination and we may as well know that the peak of American wealth is behind us.

A liquidation of wages, if it came to that and there were no other way, would be our economic requiem.

GARET GARRETT.

New Countries for Old

WITHIN certain very restricted limits, the principle of nationality was doubtless a fine thing and worth fighting for. If anything in the assortment of Entente war-cries was calculated to enlist the enthusiasm of a free spirit, it was the promise of making an end once and for all of the anomalous conglomeration in the middle of the continent which was holding down against their will a dozen peoples and fragments of peoples. I fought for that principle, long even before the Tsar of Russia did. With large reservations I believe in it still. But I am bound to confess that the actual spectacle of a great empire shattered and nationalism rampant on the ruins has not filled me with rejoicing. Logic and self-determination having triumphed, the victory has left in its wake (for defeated and victors alike) such a jungle of internal discord, international intrigue and backbiting, economic paralysis, financial impotence, and just plain wretchedness as can hardly be described.

This chaos and decay is not wholly a legacy of war or of Habsburg misrule. It is the inevitable result of trying to mix business and sentiment, of trying to fit the square peg of the modern state into the round hole of Byronic nationalism. Nationality is an affair of tradition and language and a common culture. Its domain, like that of religion, is in the spirit; and the political authority cannot without peril disregard its legitimate claims. But it is a far cry from cultural autonomy to the notion that racial boundaries must inevitably coincide with the frontiers of the state. Looking out today upon what was once Austro-Hungary, one is driven to revise his notions of liberalism drastically and to ask himself what on earth nationality has to do with political economy anyway. By what curious and fatal perversion has the instinct for fellowship come to hold a lien on the involved machinery of modern life—on things like coal and tariffs, ships and currency, hemp and iron, pork and cotton? There is stuff for reflection in the paradox that the very age that made a revolution in the world's economy flung the enthusiasm of its soul into the countercurrent of nationalistic division. But if the nineteenth century could not be happy without racial liberty, it is sure that we, of the twentieth, will not survive without unity, and that unless we have the wit to devise something better, we shall be forced back to the makeshift of imperialism.

The Dual Monarchy was artificial and highhanded and undemocratic, like a trust. It was a trust. It undercut smaller concerns, forcibly dragged them into its orbit as satellites, and in the end absorbed them, reducing their independent personnel to the status of subjects. At least it believed it had absorbed them, until the ecstasies and idealisms of war revealed the fierce vitality that still remained to the old separatisms. And the war culminated in the Treaty of St. Germain, a kind of international Sherman act. The great combination was busted up. But now that middle Europe is a crazy-quilt of impotent, fragmentary beggar-statelets and the politicians and agitators have got what they used to think they wanted, I find, among the common men of all the amputated territories, a tendency to yearn for the old imperfect union. Outside a handful of unchastened monarchists principally Hungarian, there is no regret for the Habsburgs, but there is a very great deal of sighing for the empire. And there is much more of it in Slovakia and Transylvania than in Vienna. It is much too simple to take this popular reversal as the inevitable reaction that always follows revolution. It is not. The monarchy has left behind a stinging memory of discrimination and oppression that the subject peoples will not soon forget. Yet the empire is associated in their minds with a breadth of economic opportunity, a capacious efficiency resulting from large-scale activity, a catholic contact and cooperation with varied people, a sense of cohesion with the western world, a general diffusion of industry and the possibility of prosperity, which contrast brilliantly with the actual disintegration, the cramping into narrow frontiers, the endless restrictions upon travel and trade, the sudden tumble into the semi-barbaric Near East. Wherefore this part of Europe has

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grasped the idea, long since brought home to America and the other highly industrialized countries, that the way to deal with irresponsible trusts is not to bust them but to democratize them.

Some sort of reintegration in East Central Europe is the one hope left. A republican federation on the Swiss model is what is needed, but that is a distant ideal. The fear of a revival of ancient dominations is too keen and the blustering unregenerate Magyar Junker is doing all he can to keep it so. The existing checkerboard, on the other hand, is impossible. Neither Poland nor Czecho-Slovakia can survive it, to say nothing of Hungary and German-Austria. The more advanced the country the more sharply it feels the pinch of its confining barriers and its own insufficiency. The total effect of East Central Europe at this moment is as of a moderately well-to-do traveller with a great collection of trunks and bags. If he only had them all in his cabin with him, he could perhaps be fairly comfortable. But some of his luggage is in the hold, some of it got left at the pier, and the most essential portions of it never came away from home at all. The result is he cannot even make a decent toilet of a morning.

Worked cooperatively the resources of the Danube world might still, in spite of the waste and destruction of the past six years, yield a tolerable living to its populations. For no "statesmanship" and no principle of nationality can alter the essential unity and interdependence of that world. The crazy pattern of the Treaties of St. Germain and Trianon has but contrived a clumsy butchery that condemns each severed part to bleed to death. The great teeming valley is in a daze. A progressive "creeping" paralysis has overtaken it. The dazzling dream of national independence has degenerated into a wild nightmare that holds each self-determined group helplessly entangled in a confusion of barbed-wire frontiers. Thus Hungary still has some pork but the salt is all in Rumania. The great marketing organization remains in Vienna, together with the mass of fine woodworkers, but the cabinet woods are now in Rumania, the saw-mills are largely in Hungary and the fuel is in Czecho-Slovakia. The Austrian linen merchant has to pay duty on the product of his own factory located in Bohemia, and the lady from Budapest who buys it will have to pay again before she gets it home. The great leather and fur and feather industries of Vienna are at a standstill because the creatures that carry these products on their backs have lately changed nationality, with the consequence that thousands of workers are idle and their families are starving, and despair is kindling into revolt. And the Magyar railways are stricken with aphasia and wander dazedly in and out of the national frontiers, and uniformed officials search their pockets going and coming.

I have said that the principle of nationality has triumphed. But has it, really? On that point the bank-notes of Czecho-Slovakia have a significant contribution to make. Czecho-Slovakia happens to have a liberal government; therefore its paper currency is printed in nearly as many tongues as the Austrian which it has replaced. At the time of my visit, Rumania had not yet substituted lei for kronen in Transylvania and Bukovina, but unless that government declines to recognize the polyglot composition of its dominions (which would be not uncharacteristic) its money-press must also turn linguist. The multiplicity of tongues, whether officially countenanced or not, is merely symbolic, however. The reality underneath it is a confusion of interests and traditions and stocks which strain the new or enlarged communities to the breaking point. The most curious current in all this welter is the unsatisfied aspiration for yet more self-determination. Like the reformation, the nationalistic animus has begotten a spirit of fragmentation that grows by what it feeds on. The Slovaks had never been part of the ancient Bohemian kingdom, and they see no reason for adhering to the Bohemian republic. The Ruthenians of Sub-Carpathia perceive that under Czecho-Slovakia they keep all the disadvantages of their lot under Austria with none of the advantages. Both are developing aspirations for republics of their own. The hungry Magyar is, of course, doing nothing to discourage these sentiments. In new Rumania the flagrant corruption of officialdom coupled with a barbarous tendency to flagellation is estranging the dominant race quite as much as the Magyars and the Germans in the annexed provinces. And both in Rumania and in Jugoslavia the newly acquired populations, irrespective of race, are oppressed by a sense of having been liberated from a modern domination to be cast under a mediaeval one.

Up to date it is but a small element of intelligent merchants and workers that has awakened to the malady that is destroying their world. Gradually the inadequacy of economic nationalism in such a Babel as theirs is penetrating into the mentality even of politicians and leaders, who have a vested interest in separatism. That is what is at the bottom of the gropings after "Little Ententes." For it should be understood that there is not *one* of these tentative quasi-alliances but a system of them, circle within circle. And while the immediate and conscious motive is military, the irresistible drive toward mutual aid is generated by an un-

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avowed sense of single helplessness all round. On the one hand Jugoslavia, Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia draw timidly together out of a common fear of the unburied Dual Monarchy; and on the other backward-looking Hungary is the nucleus of an anti-Russian bloc composed of herself, Poland, and Rumania, with Czecho-Slovakia, worm-eaten with Bolshevism, hesitating at a distance. But the promise of any real rapprochement, such as the terrible economic situation demands, is dashed by the sinister schemings for a European hegemony in the west, which hover over the scene like a black cloud, as well as by the mutual distrusts and dreads of the little nations themselves. For with all the peoples of East Central Europe national freedom comes first and economic survival second. That is the tragic heritage of their history. It is their misfortune, as well as mankind's, that they failed to consolidate as nations while the consolidating was good. They were overtaken by the industrial revolution with its tyrannical demand for world solidarity, before they had had time to fulfill and enjoy their own particular racial lives. They are like romantic brides with a dreamy craving for a cosy flat à deux hustled into an age of cooperative housekeeping.

Is this raging ocean of nationalisms in the centre of Europe ripe for an equitable customs union with cultural autonomy all round? The future alone can answer. But one thing is certain: it is either union or death—or empire.

M. E. RAVAGE.

The Twelve-Hour Shift

"THE working man is shiftless," Braden rumbled on, unostentatiously disposing of a forkful of French fried onions in the instant's pause between that and his next generalization. "As for the twelve-hour shift, he desires it himself—because it brings more money. But he eats and wears all his wages when times are good; and when they are bad he strikes—and then howls; and the sentimentalists howl with him because he starves and freezes—as he jolly well should."

Into this there broke a giggle. Amazingly it came from the stranger, the lady whom our guest of honor, the author, had introduced into our "after the lecture" supper table at the last minute as "a friend of my cousin's—who'll disown me if we don't have her—"

We were all a little weary of Braden's ponderous droning; so that while we marveled at her temerity—Braden was not used to being giggled at—we nevertheless welcomed the diversion.

"He is talking at you," her eyes danced as she gave the author a friendly little nudge—"It's propaganda for your next novel!"

The laugh that followed left us a genial circle, so genial that even Braden nodded a gracious assent when the newcomer asked, her glance including the guest of honor, our host, Osborne, and the table at large, whether she might say something.

"May I ask a personal question, please, from each one of you?" Her brown eyes interrogated all our faces again. "Has any one of you ever worked in a steel mill? No? Any kind of a mill then? Perhaps some of your relatives have? No? Well then, I am the only person here who can speak even a word for the other side . . . for my son has."

"To be sure it was not a steel mill—but if steel mills are any worse than candy and ice factories . . . ." she shuddered.

"It happened in this way. My husband is a clergyman who hopes to receive his reward hereafter—there is not the slightest chance of his getting it here below. All our married life has been spent in trying to make an inadequate income cover enforced expenditure. Instead of becoming easier it has grown worse and worse. The stores no longer give ten per cent reduction; doctors are growing more and more likely to charge the limit; and living has climbed as high as it dares. Our rent has been raised twice, our salary not at all.

"For several generations back the ancestors of both my husband and myself have been professional people. Naturally then, we have considered education as necessary for our children as food. And my boy, whom scarlet fever and various illnesses had set somewhat back in his school work, conceived a passionate desire to enter West Point. We had friends: an appointment was in sight. But Brice was behind in his work and the West Point examinations are more than stiff. A cramming school seemed a necessity. A small legacy of mine would help, but was not sufficient to give him a year's coaching. So Brice went into a candy factory.

"It sounds rather attractive, doesn't it? But there are some kinds of candy that I shall never be able to touch again.

"The floor, when I visited Brice at the factory, was a mass of sticky glucose. Brice's shoes were so heavy with it that you could have tracked him all the way when he ran home for lunch and dinner.

"He handed over his pay envelope unopened for me to add to his school fund. If it had not been for the slow swelling of that fund I don't believe my boy could have stuck it out. He shrank

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with loathing from the coarse talk and manners of his associates. He was simply sick with disgust when he told me about some of the girls. . . .

"I told him that it was unfair for him to compare them with his sister; and that if he and she had been born and reared where the workers in the candy factory had been, in cluttered rooms, in horrible districts where there was no beauty, and—most dangerous of all—no privacy, surrounded by vulgarity and coarseness, it would have been well nigh impossible for them to have risen higher than their surroundings.

"July in a hot city is not pleasant. But July in a candy factory, with sticky glucose everywhere and huge caldrons glowing with red hot sweet stuff is really rather awful.

"But Brice tried to think of West Point when he was running his chewing-gum machine.

"One day I was amazed to hear his voice as early as nine A. M.

" 'What is it?' I ran to the head of the stairs.

" 'Nothing. Don't be frightened, mother,' he said. 'I hurt my hand a little bit—that's all.'

"The finger tips of his left hand had been crushed in the rollers of the chewing-gum machine.

" 'They disinfected my hand and sent me right over to the dispensary at the hospital,' he explained. 'They dressed it there and I am to go back at four o'clock.'

"When the time came I accompanied him.

" 'Was the doctor perfectly sure that the bones were uninjured?' I asked him as we walked along.

" 'Doctor? There wasn't any doctor. A nurse dressed my hand, and you bet your life there wasn't any sweet womanly gentleness about her!' He laughed.

" 'Do you mean to tell me that an undergraduate nurse was allowed to decide whether or not your bones were injured?' I was simply aghast.

" 'Aw mother—don't make a fuss— — I'm not a baby—they'll think I've been complaining.'

"This time there proved to be an interne in the dispensary. He seemed a nice, rather gentlemanly young man, who whistled, not unsympathetically when Brice's three finger nails came off with the gauze dressing which, through the absence of any lubricant, had stuck to the poor crushed fingers. I noticed that he touched Brice gently when, at my request, he examined the fingers for a possible bone injury. Then finding none, he redressed them with a liberal supply of carbolated vaseline between the dry gauze and the raw flesh.

" 'If they had been dressed that way this morning, perhaps my boy would not have had his finger nails torn off. I should like to talk with the superintendent, please.' I demanded.

"Obviously amazed at my temerity, the great man nevertheless arrived.

" 'I want you to understand, Doctor C— —' I said, 'that I am not registering a complaint because of my son. I am speaking, really, on behalf of labor. This morning, when my son came here with his hand, the most precious possession of the manual laborer, crushed and bleeding, he was handed over to an undergraduate nurse, who according to my boy's account, was most casual in her treatment; and as my own eyes were witness, dressed the injury so carelessly that the fingernails ripped off with the gauze to which they had stuck because of the absence of any lubricant whatever.'

" 'If my son had not been in overalls he would never have been handed over to an undergraduate nurse—an interne at least would have been spared to attend to him. Suppose the finger bones *had* been injured; the neglect of competent diagnosis would have meant the probable loss of his hand: for the average laborer's mother would not have known enough to have had the thing re-examined.'

" 'One moment please,' the doctor rose. 'I shall call the head nurse, who was on duty in the dispensary at the time.'

"The woman who returned with him, bolstering herself against the official deck, declared with as much emphasis as her obvious nervousness would permit that the boy had been tenderly and competently taken care of.

" 'Of course, as there was no bone injury, there was no reason why a nurse should not do the dressing. And as for a lubricant,' the superintendent smiled largely, 'that is quite out of date—the practice has been discarded by this hospital altogether.'

" 'Really?' It was my turn to smile. 'I am afraid that the interne who is working in the dispensary has not been informed of it; for he has just emptied half a jar of carbolated vaseline on my son's hand—which feels much soothed in consequence. But what I want to know is this: is it the policy of this hospital to permit undergraduate nurses to diagnose cases?'

"He had to answer 'It is absolutely prohibited.'

" 'Then,' I said rising, 'it is for you to enforce your own regulations. And remember, the next workman who appears in overalls may be the up-to-date son of some Steel King investigating labor.

"As soon as he was able, Brice was back at the candy factory working as best he could with one hand. You have all been talking cheerily of the workman's compensation act. Does it include candy factories, I wonder? I know that Brice, not only did not receive a cent's worth of compensation, but was docked his entire pay during the days he was absent.

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"It was because of this that he left the candy factory. He absolutely had to have more pay if he was to get the coaching he needed; and found that the position of oiler in the ice plant near us would bring him twenty-five dollars a week. This was in the closing weeks of the war—he would not get nearly that much now.

"He was delighted at obtaining so lucrative a position. And as for us, we found oil-saturated clothing and floors easier to clean than those covered with sticky glucose. Incidently it gave us all a chance to learn about the twelve-hour shift.

"Oiling machines certainly takes no strength. We knew that compared to the average factory job it was easy. And yet—when he oiled those terrible machines for twelve hours a night, seven nights in the week, to the tune of screaming pistons, the floor thick and slippery with oil, unguarded machines chugging everywhere until he could not sleep even in the daytime for thinking of them—somehow oiling machines did not seem such a joke to Brice—or any of us.

"I have had an unpleasant feeling about artificial ice ever since. When I look at it I see anxious men enslaved with family cares, working for more than union hours for less than union pay; and boys, seventeen year old boys, trudging to and fro all night long on floors thick with grease, where a slip would mean death—or worse—listening to the whirr of belts and the shriek of pistons; and I remember my boy's desperate look as, lunch box in hand, he started out in his oil covered clothes for his twelve-hour shift.

" 'It's the noise,' he confessed when I tried to find out why he could not rest. 'Those darn engines scream all night, 'We'll catch you; We'll catch you; We'll catch you yet!' I don't seem to be able to sleep even in the daytime when I know they are not there. For every time I doze off I dream they've got me.'

"Brice is in West Point now. But other boys of seventeen are working in candy factories, in ice plants, in glass factories, and in steel mills. And as you talked," she smiled at Braden, "I wondered whether working men were really as fond of the twelve-hour shift as you think. . . . You see, I know how it cheats men and boys of their playtime, their sleep time, and the sunlight.

"Of course there are two sides to everything. I know that. But there are so many of you to sympathize with capital. . . ." here her smile included us all, "and so few of these *who can speak* to tell labor's story—that I . . . well, you see, I happen to know the other side better than you do . . . so I tell it where I can."

ANNETTE THACKWELL JOHNSON.

A Note on Modern Poetry

CARL SANDBURG has been quoted—by Mr. Mencken for one—as believing we are to experience a literary renaissance in this country shortly, and many will be found to agree with the prophecy. But if we stage a renaissance it will be unlike the one for which we remember Elizabeth, unlike the Romantic movement, unlike any great creative beginning in history. Such awakenings have been marked by faith and confidence, by emotional tension and a love of life for which we can furnish no substitute or parallel. What are the poets doing and saying, in this age of disillusion, which gives promise of glories in the verse of tomorrow? They sit sadly, by twos and threes, in the back rooms of restaurants, discussing the futility of effort and the disappearance of aesthetic standards. They are seeking the truth about life and art through vanishing doors and over mirage-haunted sands. On one thing only will they agree with any unanimity—the utter lack of fundamentals on which to build.

The writers of poetry in every previous day have felt some ground or other solid beneath their feet. Shakespeare, discouraged as he may have been with humanity, was still possessed of the Ptolomaic illusion. Man was to him the centre of the universe; clay, yet godlike. Our perspective is truer and less flattering. Milton planted his feet firmly on the tradition of an all-wise Providence, and his verse rings clearly, free of doubt. We have no gods left, or if we have, they are pale and ineffectual beside the wrathful deity who once watched over the Huguenots. We don't believe they will save us or compensate us. We know them impotent as ourselves under the feet of the hours.

Later on there were men, like Keats, who believed in art as an absolute—"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—and Masefield still clings to that fading creed. We can't accept it, though we should like to, for we have seen things that were true and not beautiful. We have tried out naturalism and realism and found them both unsatisfying and evanescent. We have endeavored to lay our hands on beauty and have discovered it a ghost that appears to one man at a time, appears in differing guises to each mortal, and varies in character with the whims of the generations. We can't write for posterity, for we have no idea what posterity will like. If it is difficult to tell what will touch men's emotions in this day how is one to decide what will move them three hundred years from now? We have seen concepts and traditions vanish like names writ-

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ten in water. We have no philosophy, no morality. We cannot speak in general terms.

Worst of all we can no longer voice our scepticisms and hesitations in verse, and thus snatch at dissolving generalities, because the pose has been overworked. Byron, Tennyson, Arnold and Swinburne stated the overshadowing question often enough to tire readers and writers of the discussion for a long time to come. Doubt itself is discredited.

We know nothing about life, says the modern, except its surfaces, its passing lights and shadows, its colors and forms. We live among these exteriors, take from them what enrichment they can give, and ask no questions. We derive from death and go back into death, but while we are here we are part of the show, alive, vibrant, dancing in the sunlight. We shall write poetry about the colors of roofs and the droop of a jade carving. We shall set down fragments of existence in forms modelled upon the jottings in a note-book, that no man may suspect us of sentiment. We shall be vivid and escape tendencies.

So imagism was born, a short-cut away from the troubled reason to the untroubled senses; and so was born the pure music of Aiken, Fletcher, and —sometimes—Stevens. So was born the child-like attitude of simple wonder, found in such widely different men as de la Mare and Alfred Kreymborg. Certain surfaces will remain, it is argued, and music will probably remain; at least the patterns of form and sound are less likely to immediate change than the patterns of contemporary ideas. Pure wonder, an unquestioning delight in novel or pretty things, is as enduring as childhood.

There is inescapable logic in this fear for the solidity of all current doctrines. On the other hand poetry seems not to endure at all unless it contains ideas of one sort or another. Poets of the past have been unable to work themselves up to the highest creative pitch unless they surrendered, momentarily, it may be, to some fallacious enthusiasm or other of the mind.

Lycidas, for example, takes its strength from the iron of Protestant conviction which underlies it and dominates its pretty paganism. We no longer take Milton's convictions seriously, but his poetry would have washed away in a few seasons' rain without them. Shelley's West Wind takes its tang from revolutionary ardor; Whitman worshipped at a private democratic shrine, and we applaud his verse while smiling at his creed. To Shakespeare the deaths of kings were magic in an absolute sense; to Poe the death of a beautiful woman was similarly absolute. Their verse endures; the absolutes have perished. The Raven and Richard II are to our minds as artificial as the sorrows of Werther. Life in an abattoir hardens one. The war robbed us of certain sensibilities—made them look in retrospect like affectations.

We are suddenly stripped of our dreams, left, like a tired-out civilization, without aims or beliefs, yet with young life hurrying in us. Some of us try to stir up the old flame of revolution—though we have seen clearly that no revolution can rid us of our cupidity and stupidity. Some of us hark back deliberately to the epic, the lyric, the romance, give them new turns, and try to project a new art from ancient impulses. Most of us, however, evade dogma and predilections, preferring exteriors; or grumble in verse at our plight.

The exteriors are winning; have won. They win in Masefield's ability to tell a rattling story (not in his superior but neglected lyric power); they win in Amy Lowell's eye for details, in Sandburg's fragmentary observations, in Aiken's pure sound, in Eliot's Prufrock, in Lindsay's boomlay, in Robinson's portraiture, in Edna Millay's flippant biology, in Bodenheim's photographic suggestions, in Frost's cunning realism, in Kreymborg's word-mathematics, in the Benét brothers' fireworks, in Squire's frost work, in the schools of accuracy and imagism. De la Mare escapes into his air houses and never-lands; Lindsay flees frantically with his golden book. Those who stick by the problem and look it steadily in the face must either take grim and lasting satisfaction in voicing the desperation of our benumbing impasse, as does Hardy, and as did Masters in Spoon River, or fail with the Masters of Domesday Book to drag any meaning out of the chaos in which we flounder.

Very few are the sturdy gentlemen who take pleasure in battling daily with despair; the others must cling to appearances or visions. There is a wide field for minor endeavor in the survey of surfaces; dreams are still attractive, though they have lost something of their grip since the top of the mountain slid off and left us looking into the crater.

Somebody may yet appear, of course, with a new doctrine, a liberating word. But is there anything left in the way of a liberating word which we shouldn't detect immediately as a well known patent medicine under a new label? If anybody wants to write great poetry in this decade he should try to put on paper a glimpse of the midnight we face, the intellectual anarchy which leaves no reason for continued existence save the rush of blood in our veins that will not be denied.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

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A COMMUNICATION

The Pulitzer Prize

SIR: The administration of a trust such as that created by the late Joseph Pulitzer in the prizes for the encouragement of literature is undoubtedly an embarrassing responsibilitly. That responsibility has been accepted by Columbia University, and no one will question the right of its authorities to bestow the prizes according to their best judgment. In particular, no one will regret the award of the prize for the novel of 1920 which best presents "the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood" to Mrs. Edith Wharton for The Age of Innocence. The question whether this brilliant sketch of New York society in the seventies fulfills the exact conditions of the award is one for the University to settle. All that the public will note is that Mrs. Wharton is among the leading American writers of fiction and one of our best artists in prose. If not for any single novel, certainly for her work in the aggregate she deserves the fullest recognition that Columbia or any other university can give her.

The public, however, has the right to know that the award was made in the face of a recommendation, which I believe was unanimous, in favor of another book, by a committee which the Columbia authorities courteously asked to report on the matter. The committee consisted of Mr. Hamlin Garland, Professor Stuart Pratt Sherman, and myself, and the book chosen was Main Street. When the committee first exchanged views it appeared that Main Street was clearly in the lead. Subsequently other novels were considered, Miss Zona Gale's Miss Lulu Bett, Mr. Floyd Dell's Moon-Calf, Mr. Sherwood Anderson's Poor White, Mrs. Mary Watts's The Noon-Mark and Mrs. Wharton's The Age of Innocence being the most prominent. The decision of the committee in favor of Main Street was confirmed by the fact that the book through its social criticism had led its readers to formulate for themselves a higher standard of life, and to purge the small town atmosphere of certain unwholesome tendencies. In other words, the book set up an *effective* standard and actually accomplished something toward its attainment. This view was admirably set forth by Professor Sherman in a letter which I have his permission to quote.

> I hope you will vote for "Main Street." Lately I've made three simple canons for the literary critic—simple and unacademic. The critic is to ask of a work of art:
>
> I. Is it alive?
> II. Am I glad that it is alive?
> III. Why?
>
> I answer the first two questions about Main Street in the affirmative. The characters persist in memory as three-or-four dimensioned robust beings months after they are met. I remember nearly all of them, after the other people that I have encountered in the year's fiction have faded flat. That, in my experience, is the most decisive test of vitality in a novel. It has also abundant comic spirit and a critical as well as a representational force. It does something to the mind as well as to the feelings. It has communicated more life to the reading public than any other novel I can recall the fortunes of. Incidentally, I find it full of extraordinarily interesting technical inventions. I don't think the fact that the critics in this case will agree with the public ought to dissuade us. Once in a great while the public does make a best seller out of a perfectly sound book. I think this is one of the cases; and it's a thing to be rejoiced over.

As I said at the outset, no one will wish to relieve Columbia University of the responsibility of its trust. The University is not bound to distribute the Pulitzer Prizes according to any particular method of award. In view of the fact, however that a committee was asked to report on the novel prize for 1920, and did so conscientiously, its findings should form a part of the record.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

Professor Riley's Article on Christian Science

SIR: The criticism of the well known publishing house, G. P. Putnam's Sons for withdrawing the article by Professor Riley on the Christian Science text book from the fourth volume of the Cambridge History of American Literature, which appeared in the review of that series in the New Republic on June 8th, incorrectly states the situation. The case is best stated in a letter written by Mr. Irving Putnam, from which the following is an extract:

"Our first attention was called to the Riley article by a call from Mr. Gilmore. Mr. Gilmore made no request or demand to have the article expunged. His call was merely to protest against it, which he did in an entirely courteous and fitting manner. The present writer, not having read the article, asked Mr. Gilmore to return to his office and put into formal shape his objection to the article. Then for the first time the article was read by Mr. G. H. Putnam and by Mr. Irving Putnam. We were both shocked not only at the offensive personal allusions but at the outrageous tone of ridicule and worse that permeated the article. The writer of this letter at once called up Mr. Gilmore and said it was not necessary for him to put his protest into shape. That no protest made by him could be half as strong as that which our publishing board felt. He was told that the sale of the book would be stopped until the article had been expunged and replaced by another.

"We at once wrote to Professor Trent, telling him that the article must be replaced by somebody who was at least a gentleman and who, whatever his views on Christian Science might be, could write in a decent tone and with proper regard for the sensibility of people who accepted Christian Science as a religious belief."

Manifestly Putnam's has a keen sense of fair play and is quite unwilling to be party to gross misrepresentation and ridicule of the Founder of an important religious denomination, or to the misrepresentation of religious teachings. As to the criticism of "the censorship committee" for protesting against such misstatements as Professor Riley's on the ground that unique publicity results, it sounds strangely like the cry, "Let us alone. What have we to do with thee?" raised long ago and raised since whenever a time comes when evil fears exposure and destruction.

ALBERT F. GILMORE.

New York City.

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How the States Voted

SIR: I have been looking over the 1921 World Almanac and find some interesting figures concerning the recent Presidential election which you may be able to use in the present fight for a more equitable distribution of representation.

I find for example that in some states one vote had as much weight toward the election of President as ten votes did in some other states. In California there was an average of 85,000 votes cast for each elector, while in South Carolina there was an average of only 7,000 votes to an elector. The extreme cases are shown in the following table:

California	85,000
Indiana	84,000
Ohio	84,000
Missouri	74,000
Illinois	73 000
Kentucky	71,000
Alabama	20,000
Virginia	19,000
Louisiana	13,000
Georgia	10,000
Mississippi	8,000
South Carolina	7,000

In Indiana 43 per cent of the entire population votes, in Montana 39 per cent, in Connecticut and Kentucky 38 per cent, in Iowa 37 per cent, in New Hampshire 36 per cent, in Massachusetts, Nevada and West Virginia 35 per cent, while in Alabama, Arkansas and Virginia only 10 per cent voted, in Texas 9 per cent, in Louisiana 6 per cent. in Georgia 5 per cent, in Mississippi 4.6 per cent, while in South Carolina less than 3.9 per cent voted.

E. C. L. MILLER.

Richmond, Virginia.

Americanization in California

SIR: It is the custom of various organizations and prominent individuals to lecture aliens about the square deal and fair play in our land of freedom and equal justice, which they are alleged to enjoy equally with others, and exhort them in consequence of these blessings to be loyal supporters in thought, speech, and actions of all our laws and institutions. By a recent discriminating taxation bill adopted in California against aliens. they are given a practical example of the value of these equitable and highly moral precepts. Under this law all aliens must register and pay a poll tax of ten dollars.

In California at the present time aliens pay every known tax paid by others and as American citizens are not themselves subjected to any such outrageous discrimination in any known land on earth where they reside, aliens in America naturally lose all faith in such uplift movements where methods so clearly belie their statements. Most of this impost will be levied on poor laborers who make every dollar they own by hard and exacting work, and a large percentage of these are Mexicans who have been brought into what was formerly their own country, by railroads, corporations, and oil companies controlled by individuals, among whom are many leading "Americanizers." These employers are the first to raise a roar of protest coupled with demands for war and invasion if anything suggestive of discrimination is officially made against them in Mexico, or even when they are required to meet the ordinary taxes of the country on a lower scale that in the United States.

CHARLES E. STANLEY.

San Francisco.

The Public Defender Bill

SIR: The movement to establish the office of Public Defender to represent indigent accused persons has received fresh impetus by the recent passage of a state-wide Public Defender bill by the California legislature. The bill provides for the election of a Public Defender in each county and city of California, after the approval of the local Board of Supervisors. This law will shortly be effective in nine counties in California, which include all the big centres of population in that state.

It is important to note that this state-wide legislation was passed after eight years' successful demonstration of the efficiency and economy of the office of Public Defender in Los Angeles, and that there was a very insistent demand by the principal civic organizations in San Francisco for the enactment of the new law.

A vigorous effort will be made at the next session of the New York legislature to establish the office of Public Defender in various counties of this state, and there is reason to believe that the proposed bill will receive the support of numerous civic bodies.

The old idea that the state can do no wrong is no longer regarded as sound by those who are giving thoughtful consideration to our criminal court system. Public Defence is essential to protect the legal rights of those who by reason of poverty are unable to protect themselves. Voluntary legal aid or charitable intervention fail to meet the issue. The "presumption of innocence" requires the state to defend as well as prosecute. The present system of "assigned counsel" is fundamentally wrong from any angle.

The Public Defender will promote justice, save expense, facilitate the disposition of criminal cases and give a real significance to the doctrine of "equality before the law."

MAYER C. GOLDMAN.

New York City.

Professional Secretaries

SIR: Might not the disclosures regarding industrial espionage which Mr. Howard has made and the New Republic has published, be usefully supplemented by a similar investigation into the history and present activities of a certain type of "professional secretary"?

Although the "professional secretary" originated in legitimate public service, his calling has had its degenerations—some of them upward financially but all of them downward socially. "Professional secretaries" were at one time employed, as they are yet, by organizations for promoting this or that useful public purpose. Their function was to manage the affairs of their respective organizations, including the solicitation and collection of funds. They were paid fixed salaries. Then came the kind of "professional secretary" who undertook not only to manage and solicit but to make his own reasonable compensation contingent upon his financial success. This, too, was quite legitimate. More than one useful public purpose thereby served would otherwise have been ignored. But the idea took root in the minds of "professional secretaries" of less public-spirited impulses, and these, being expert self-salesmen, soon inserted their siphons where the private detective agencies have inserted theirs.

The honest and serviceable "professional secretary" still goes his useful way. By dint of hard and devoted work at modest compensation he secures financial support for worthy organizations and administers their affairs. But the grafted variety devotes himself—much more profitably in the financial sense—to sub-surface agitations by deceptive methods and to dangerously undemocratic ends. Having come somewhat in contact with this type of "professional secretary," and also with the "labor spy" system of Mr. Howard's impartial inquiry. I am quite confident that if Mr. Howard were to make a survey of the operations of the former, such as he has made of those of the latter, his revelations would be almost as interesting and quite as significant.

LOUIS F. POST.

Washington, D. C.

Chinese Exports

SIR: In your issue of May 18th, a correspondent mentioned the exportation of flour to Europe and the importation of Chinese eggs to this country. Quoting the Cleveland Plain Dealer, he wrote: "Strange that China should choose famine time to begin shipping her food stuffs abroad." May I offer the following suggestions or explanations?

Most of the flour mills in China doing export business are owned by foreigners and the importation of Chinese eggs here is also done mostly by foreigners. Under the peculiar arrangement of extra-territoriality, China cannot lay an embargo on food stuffs without raising serious diplomatic controversy; and this, it seems, China desires to avoid.

Besides, and this is a far weightier reason, the famine sufferers cannot afford to live on such "delicacies" and "luxuries" as milled flour and eggs. Or, more accurately, the relief agencies find that they can save more lives by feeding them with millet, dried maize and such other coarser and cheaper grains.

PAO-TIEN HSIEH.

Hanover, New Hampshire.

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Books and Things

IF my hope of being rescued were always at zero, if my certitude of dying on my desert island were indefectible, I believe I'd stick to the old and famed books, to the great rereadables. Less exclusive would be my shipwrecked sailor's kit if I expected to get home again. It would take in a few of those books, not the greatest, although of their kind the best, which both delight you and turn your face toward other books that sound promising. I was far from civilization when I read Mr. Alfred Zimmern's Greek Commonwealth for the first time. It made me eager to read a lot of things.

As a matter of fact I have somehow not managed to read any of the books for which Mr. Zimmern gives one so brisk an appetite. My will to read them must be classed, as the vulgar say, with all the rest of the "conations that do not eventuate." But knowing the names of many books that one means to read is a pleasant frame of mind. If my desert island were suitable, as Baedeker used to say, for a prolonged stay, I should certainly devote part of my leisure, after eight hours employed in building my tractor or my motorcanoe, to making plans that couldn't be executed without access to a library. And the best of all book-suggesting books that I know of are Sainte-Beuve's thirty or forty volumes.

Why shouldn't Sainte-Beuve be the best of all authors for my purpose, in an emergency so protracted? His essays, what I've read of them, form the most charming of bibliographies. Nobody else makes anywhere near so many books look readable. And he had read them all. For the sake of a single weekly article he sometimes melted down a dozen volumes, sometimes more than a dozen. His way of life was to spend Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in dictating from his outline plan the article that was to appear on the following Monday and in reading for, making notes for, thinking over the article that was to come next. This second article he would construct on Friday, when he shut himself up for the whole day, wouldn't see anybody, stuffed cotton in his ears. On Saturday and Sunday he and his secretary corrected proof. Except for one interruption, from 1858 to 1862, when he was lecturing at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, and when the causeries appeared irregularly, this was Sainte-Beuve's routine for the last twenty years of his life, from 1849, when he began the Causeries du lundi at the age of forty-four, until his final illness in 1869.

These facts I take from the new book about "the master of us all in criticism," as Matthew Arnold called him, from Sainte-Beuve, l'homme et le poète, par Louis-Frédéric Choisy, professeur à l'université de Genève (Paris: Plon-Nourrit). With M. Choisy literary criticism is only a means to his end, which is to show us what kind of man Sainte-Beuve was. His quotations are mostly from the verse, from the autobiographical prose narratives, from the letters, from the testimony of secretaries and other friends. Readers of the Goncourts' journal may remember the first of their many pictures of Sainte-Beuve, whom they didn't like, taken in 1861, at their house. They saw a small round man, who looked and was dressed as if he came from the country, who had a big forehead, a shiny bald head, large pop-eyes, an inquiring sensual greedy nose, a wide mouth the villainous design of which was hidden by an amiable smile, cheekbones that stuck out like enormous convex lenses. The Goncourts would have taken him, they said, for some provincial librarian who lived, shut up with his books, over a cellar of generous burgundy. His conversation, with its pretty, timid and delicate tones, reminded them of some water-colorist's palette. It was all small talk, all made up of petty details, without a single large sweeping stroke of the brush.

M. Choisy's book, in which this passage doesn't appear —can you guess why I put that in?—is an answer to Sainte-Beuve's detractors in general, an answer the more trustworthy because M. Choisy has taken no end of pains to get at the facts, is bent on telling them straight, is obviously never tempted to suppress anything or to touch things up. He is glad, of course, that the truth happens to be something he thinks favorable to Sainte-Beuve as a son and a companion, and rather favorable to him as a friend. As a companion it is his secretaries who paint him best—dreamy and meditative at his quietest, even at such times given to gentle raillery, waking up as soon as he gets fairly into his talk, when his little eyes, his delicate and tender eyes, would sparkle with indulgent malice, and his whole face, ugly enough in repose, would take on an expression of smiling and radiant subtlety. His mother and his aunt had taught him to pay people delicate attentions and there remained always something feminine about his little ways. He could be counted on to sit up and take notice when women were about. "Dès qu'il était en présence d'une jupe, duchesse ou grisette, son visage rayonnait de béatitude." It is pleasant to remember, should this last trait fail to please, that in money matters he contrived to be extraordinarily generous on a small income, that he was quite willing to have his secretaries criticize his writing, and would often take their advice.

I wish M. Choisy had given more space to Sainte-Beuve's friendships with men and less to his relations with women. With Mme. Hugo he was a good deal in love for something like eight years; he was less in love with several other women; he carried on a mildly sentimental correspondence with a good many others. Additions to the long list of Sainte-Beuve's inconnues, as M. Choisy says, are always cropping up. His many paid mistresses appear to have been uninteresting, unless we except one young woman, one of several who lived with him from time to time at his house in Montmartre, because of the enterprise she displayed when she had his linen and silver marked with her name. M. Choisy inclines to the opinion that Mme. Hugo was Sainte-Beuve's mistress either for a very brief time or more probably not at all. The question cannot be settled, he says, nor is it, say I, worth settling. Never, I believe, have I come across an eminent man whose love affairs made drearier reading. They are tedious, they are insipid. His best books would have been almost exactly what they now are if he had never met Adèle Hugo, or if envy of Victor Hugo's mastery of many French rhythms, envy of Victor Hugo's exuberant productiveness, had not given Sainte-Beuve one motive more for trying to possess himself of Victor Hugo's wife.

The interesting truth about Sainte-Beuve still is where it always has been, in his best books. Every time we read one of his portraits we are face to face with his sitter. After all, we say, nothing leaves such an impression of variety and abundance as this single-minded desire to get a good likeness. Never, except just at the first, did Sainte-Beuve allow friendship or literary party spirit to tell him what to say. His writing and his laborious reading were each a part of the same effort, of many successive efforts, to understand. His lifelong loyalty was to his own judgment and taste.

P. L.

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After the Play

WHEN you heard the very first words at the Bramhall Playhouse: "Six yards of stuff for to make a yellow gown. A pair of lace boots with lengthy heels on them and brassy eyes. A hat is suited for a wedding day," you did not have to wait for: "If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of the holy prophets, I'm thinking, to be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl," and, "Myself, a girl, was tempted often to go sailing the seas till I'd marry a Jew-man, with ten kegs of gold, and I not knowing at all there was the like of you drawing nearer, like the stars of God." You knew at once that a fine music has come back to the New York theatre. Not since Shakespeare has there been such an ear in the English drama, though Congreve had an ear in his more limited region; there has been nothing so varied, so native, humorous, poetic or magnificent as John Synge's music.

Listening to that music it is hard to remember the many interpretations of The Playboy of the Western World. It seems to me a realistic extravaganza, a poetic sarcasm. Life is so sterile, or it is at least so empty, that any legend of a vivid deed is glamorous to these people who listen to Christy's story of how he had killed his dad; it was murder but it was at least something, life breaking out into expression. Later when they see the son attempt the killing again when his father, who had been merely stunned, comes after him, these same people are horrified at such a deed, and the sarcasm deepens; they had seen it in the lad's golden and winged words, but seeing it in the act they fall back to their own level and see nothing but crime. The Playboy has a kind of passionate whimsicality running under it. Its raciness and its sudden violent beauty are Elizabethan. Its almost exotic perfection, taste, its sort of irony, and its wistful frailty, when all is said, are modern. In it there is a Parisian sophistication working choicely among the austerities of the Aran Islands. Synge takes a man, Christy, with the power of the poet, braggart and dreamer, who is a variation from the ordinary manhood, and makes him interesting and significant to the ordinary man. This out-of-the-ordinary man is made so real that he goes in his own terms; and includes and carries with him the ordinary. Through this the play achieves its delicate emanation of universality.

All art concerns itself in the main not with problems or timeliness or the so-called serious but solely, as John Synge knew, with that nourishment on which our imaginations live. And so all those storms that once raged about this piece are forgotten now as one watches the playing of it. The ghosts of all those diatribes, vegetables, hisses, and libels of new paganism, anti-Irish and so on, have all faded. It reminds us of the career of Milton's epic. Paradise Lost was almost a Bible and got its semi-classical theology tangled up so drolly with Genesis that many of the faithful still imagine the Lucifer drama to be in Scripture; then for another generation the poem's objectionable theology relegated it to neglect; and finally it comes to be read, when it is read, as mere art, no more to be dogmatized than Homer. And who worries any more about Moses's famous knee or whether Michael Angelo erred in giving him those horns on his head, due in his time to a misreading of Scripture, later called impious, and surviving now as decoration? So all this fantastic and poignant beauty of John Synge's play, with the emphatic life of the stage written on it, is revived now as sheer art.

The company of the Bramhall Players is made up of a group of actors who live on God knows what, perhaps, like those crickets in Greek pastorals, on dew; but stage as well as they know how plays that they really like. They liked the Playboy of the Western World and gave a production of it that was often sympathetic and spirited in spite of the fact that it is the most difficult play in modern English to give. The problem of the original rhythm and cadence and quality of the voice is so difficult indeed that it ought to be pretty much abandoned; except for native Irish players these qualities are almost impossible to achieve, and if they are achieved amount to a sheer impersonation that gets in the way of the acting. The play will have to be given finally as Shakespeare's plays are given, without much attempt to reproduce the original voice and accent. Even with that the Playboy is difficult enough. The Players would obviously find it easier to give a one-act drama of drab realism set somewhere on a lonely farm, where everybody stands still, talks an ashy diction in a monotone, and looks haunted. But that is not an argument for dropping the Playboy of the Western World from the repertoire at the Bramhall. If these players would produce, for as few or as many performances as they care to manage, the Playboy of the Western World every season, they would justify their existence, if on no other grounds, and would do our theatre one of the greatest services imaginable. Not to copy John Synge, but to catch the stimulation of his art.

Where we come off worst is in style. The Elizabethans, for all the mountains of rubbish and pure balderdash in them, had the advantage of a speech that went straight into drama, racy, many-colored, vivid, rich, elaborate. And Synge, as he pointed out, had the advantage over modern writers in that he found a speech ready to hand in the west of Ireland, a brave, rich, poetic idiom which his taste and the distinction of his past studies and efforts enabled him to use at the same time both literally and selectively. Our dramatists have not yet discovered for themselves how to keep their diction from mere journalism when they want to make it real. In the increasing mass of published plays there is scarcely one that does not starve the ear and end in a newspaper staleness. When the dramatists want a poetic diction they fall into a lofty drool, a Parnassian complex of verbal inhibitions, wisely dreaded by the public. The poetic plays, so called, are mostly insupportable; they remind us of the eclectic painters who came after the great period in Italy, painters who worked not on Nature but on their favorite artists, and so ended in vapor and pedantry. The problem remains for both kinds of dramatists: how to achieve a flavor, choiceness and truth for the speech of a play by working from the real speech of men and women. And this problem is the same for the poetic dramatist as for the realistic; for reality, as Synge said, is the root of all poetry.

But what we are most lost about is the choice of our material, how to go at it, where between extremes to find ourselves. Synge can help us there also. On the stage, after all, as he said, we must have reality and we must have joy. The Ibsen school going after reality falls upon joyless and pallid words. The musical comedy, which is farthest toward the other extreme, has only a false joy. The Playboy, coming in revival after revival, might show us the direction in which to work by teaching us that joy must depend on the real, that the richest joy must rest on what is superb and wild in reality.

STARK YOUNG.

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A New Pass-Key

The Salvaging of Civilization, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

WHAT was H. G. Wells going to say in those lectures, those very expensive lectures, which were not delivered here last spring because he fell ill? This book tells us. With hardly a revision he has put his text into type. "Ill-health has prevented a complete re-writing."

He undertook this speaking tour, it is now clear, to deliver a message that would have had large publicity in the daily papers. His message was the world state. To this project, which he baldly outlines, he has added arguments for the enlargement of patriotism and for the construction of a new bible, a hodge-podge Bible of Civilization—with the first two volumes a new "history of mankind." Then he has much to say as an "old and seasoned educationist." We need to rewrite the text-books of the national state into text-books of the world state. We need to supply all schools everywhere with moving-picture machines, linguistic gramaphones and organized, standardized teaching formulae. "The key to all our human disorder is organized education, comprehensive and universal." Using this key "we can go right out of the prison in which we live; we can go right out of the conditions of war shortage, angry scrambling, mutual thwarting and malaise and disease in which we live; we and our kind can go out into the sunlight, into a sweet air of understanding," etc., etc.

Wells's goal, human order, is a great one, though not exactly new. Every man not a fool wants to see the end of international anarchy, and even during the first crises of the war, when Wells was among the public leaders who were behaving nationalistically, some men strove to maintain and assert all that they had previously believed about the criminal idiocies of the national state. But now, in the midst of the voluble recommendations that succeed every disaster, one may as well use one's sober judgment. Great as the ideal of world order is, there is no use listening too credulously even to H. G. Wells. He is, it is true, just as dogmatically positive now about a world state and about education as he was not so long before this about God the Invisible King, and before that about the chosen few and their leadership, and before that about socialism. But Wells's enthusiasms follow a regular curve. He has an infinite facility, a genius, for salvaging civilization, and he goes through his cycle of emotions about it with no more sense of mechanical repetitiousness than a man has who keeps falling in love. Wells's motto as a publicist is indeed New Worlds for Old, as Don Juan's was New Loves for Old. It is an exalted routine, but it is a routine, and it is just as well to examine with coolness any man's recurrent exalted conviction that at last he has found the Adorable, the true truth, the real reality, now that some "urgent need for a great creative effort has become apparent in the affairs of mankind."

Is there any master "key to all our human disorder"? Is socialism the key, or religion, or leadership, or education? H. G. Wells mainly believes in such magical potentialities because he is a man of tumid imagination with a very varying loyalty to facts. In other words, he is not a statesman or a scientist. He talks a lot about "hard thinking," "thinking through," fundamental brain-work, and so on. Yet he himself is less a sober thinker than an excited popularizer, a revivalist and agitator, with an immense, highly contentious and exacting devotion to his immediate purpose. When one shares that purpose with him, one is eager to grab him as an ally and make no criticism. But in the long run, for all his great gifts and fine susceptibilities, his is a dangerous method, and it is necessary to keep conscious of this in taking stock of his proposals.

One sign that he is uncritical is his readiness to indulge in wholesale human condemnations in order to produce the revivalist mood. He has slipped into the characteristic unscientific, religionist attitude, which tries to get its purchase on the mind by saying that everything is all wrong, and will be all wrong until one particular formula or cure-all is accepted.

"This world of mankind today seems to me to be a very sinister and dreadful world. It has come to this—that I open my newspaper every morning with a sinking heart, and usually I find little to console me. Every day there is a new tale of silly bloodshed. Every day I read of anger and hate, oppression and misery and want—stupid anger and oppression, needless misery and want—the insults and suspicions of ignorant men, and the inane and horrible self-satisfaction of the well-to-do. It is a vile world because it is an undereducated world, unreasonable, suspicious, base and ferocious."

Could anything be easier? The world is silly, stupid, ignorant, inane, unreasonable, suspicious, base and ferocious. Yet, of course, round the corner the Redeemer liveth, and the Redeemer hath a prophet. This is the way to make a religion, or a holy war. But do we want this methodology? Wells is probably forced back on old formulae like original sin because he is overtaxed, especially after his gigantic job in writing his History, but like most middle-aged men whom the war struck amidships he confounds his own dismay and depression with the bankruptcy of civilization. What is bankrupt is not so much civilization as the generation of intellectuals to which Wells belongs.

Does Wells himself escape by coming forward, hastily and sloppily and yet earnestly, to clap together his present ideal of the world state? His faith is, or has the air of being, entirely sensible. It embraces the earth (the "world") as a unit and says that unless the world is conceived as unitary, and educated on those lines, we are bound to continue internecine and to tear ourselves to bits. Hence there is no use talking of the British Commonwealth of Nations or the League of "Nations" at Geneva. We must think of the unit of the earth itself, federalized pretty much as the United States is fortunately federalized. We must think of a World Supreme Court with a code of world law. We must think of the following simplifications: world currency, a ministry of world posts, transport and communications; a ministry of world trade in staple products, conservation, development of natural resources; a ministry of social and labor conditions; a "world health." And "a ministry, the most important ministry of all, watching and supplementing national educational work and taking up the care and stimulation of backward communities.

These are the right kind of ideas to frame up and circulate at this particular moment considering the preliminary sound thinking that has been done by Veblen and other anti-war writers, but one finds some of Wells's popularizations wide open to the objection that attaches to all unthinking centralization. Centralization in a world state is no miracle-worker. Take the problem of Negro education, which lies on our own government. Does Wells think it could be solved by transferring it automatically to "the most important ministry of all"? The leverage on Washington, feeble as it is, is more powerful than any conceivable lever-

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age on a world ministry. And if so, if this government is the better instrument to work with to this end, one of Wells's grandest generalizations gapes wide. With some encouragement Moscow might undertake to educate the American Negro. But Wells particularly resents the interferences characteristic of Moscow. He has in mind a benign world ministry which at once soothes and alters the status quo. Isn't it a tall order? It is not necessarily ignorance that opposes standardization of a rigid kind. The history of daylight saving alone shows that "civilization" cannot be salvaged merely by the zealous. Everything human calls for inflection, and H. G. Wells's paper program is not inflected. In part he is abbreviating for time's sake, but in larger part he is impatient of human complexity and of the infinite tiny articulations and adjustments which organisms require if they are to grow and be educated—regardless of the inconvenience to men who want a neat, clean, spick-and-span machination of the "world." At "a higher level of intelligence," Wells asserts, the passionate conflicts that engross mankind disappear. At that level the present conflicts of national politics, political parties and class war are said to be exposed as standing in the way of "a wide-thinking, wide-ranging education upon which we can base a new world order. A resolute push for quite a short period now might reconstruct the entire basis of our collective human life."

Human nature in politics—that's the obstacle! Thus far has traveled the author of The Misery of Boots.

For many years I have read Wells with joy and admiration. I close this book with a feeling that he is essentially in a class with Frank Crane. He is certain, of course, that a failure to adopt his scheme reveals "a great and lamentable diversity of opinion and, as a consequence, an enfeeblement and wasteful dispersal of will." It remains that he skips lightly over the problem of consent, talks airily of "imposing" control, and enters on little things like world centralization and standardization as if they didn't involve a million intricate conflicts of sovereignty about which he is begging the question.

There is, naturally, the usual enthusiastic prospectus. "Given a world law and world security, a release from the net of bickering frontiers, world-wide freedom of movements, and world-wide fellowship, a thousand good things that are now beyond hope or dreaming would come into the ordinary life. The whole world would be our habitation, and the energies of men, released from their preoccupation with contention, would go more and more abundantly into the accumulation and application of scientific knowledge," etc. Excellent. But before "mankind" adopts a new Bible, a new education, and a world state, it needs to have its excruciating problems analyzed as something beside the ebullition of silly anger and stupid hate. This sort of detachment is priggishness. It corresponds to the easy detachment of health-institutes that meet toothache by pulling out whole sets of teeth. Our national states are infected, God knows. But is the fashionable formula of immediate wholesale extraction the right formula? I think only the half-baked will adopt Wells's lectures as he offers them. It is no fun to "go out into the sunlight" with nothing to chew on but your gums.

To talk in planets is not the same as to talk greatly. To talk of "mankind" often assumes unworkable homogeneity. One-mindedness we do want. Can it be achieved, as Wells seems to think, by establishing a new Bible? It was not achieved by establishing the old.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Whitelaw Reid

The Life of Whitelaw Reid, by Royal Cortissoz. Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IT must have been some thirty years ago that a young man still in his twenties came to the New York Tribune as art critic. A few years later he was promoted to the literary editorship of the paper while retaining his former position. Under his direction these two departments were so ably conducted as to give the Tribune a position of leadership among the metropolitan dailies in its appeal to people of literary and artistic tastes. The name of this young man was Royal Cortissoz. But long before his time, even in the days of Horace Greeley, the Tribune had prided itself on its special departments and had been wont to vie with the Nation and the Evening Post in its appeal to thoughtful and educated people. When Whitelaw Reid took over the proprietorship and editorship of the paper after the death of Greeley in 1872, he took a special interest in these departments and did all in his power to strengthen and improve them. When Cortissoz joined the Tribune staff, Reid, thanks to his own business acumen and his fortunate marriage with the daughter of the wealthy California banker, Ogden Mills, had already become a man of financial independence. Perhaps the Tribune continued to pay as a business enterprise, but Mr. Reid apparently ceased to regard it primarily in that light, but rather as a medium for the expression of his own political ideas and opinions and also as a means for edifying and educating its readers in matters literary and artistic.

This bent on the part of the proprietor brought him into rather closer contact and sympathy with the literary editor than with the heads of the other departments, and it is apparently due to this intimacy that Mrs. Reid and the other members of the family selected Mr. Cortissoz as the biographer of her distinguished husband. And right well has Mr. Cortissoz performed his task. Possessing, as he does, an unerring instinct for literary form and good taste, he has produced what may best be described as an elegant biography. To the files of the Tribune and to Reid's own voluminous correspondence, the biographer has gone for the sources of his information. He tells us in his preface that his aim has been "simply to show from documentary sources what Whitelaw Reid thought and did, and, in so showing, to make plain the man that he was." Again Mr. Cortissoz says, "The art of biography risks the sacrifice of something of its essential aim when it deviates from disinterested portraiture into exposition of the biographer's idea of his subject."

In these two quotations we have an exact statement of the sort of book this is. The author tells all or nearly all the important facts of Reid's life. By documentary evidence or otherwise, he illustrates for us Reid's opinions of the men and measures that were prominent in the public eye during the long period of his active life. But nowhere does he attempt a conscious analysis of Reid's character and he but seldom interprets the motives of his actions or the reasons for his opinions. He simply furnishes us with the facts, which we may take at their face value and inquire no further or we can draw our own conclusions from them.

In saying that he furnishes the facts, mention should be made of two important instances where this is not true. In the first place much more might have been told of

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Mr. Reid's very important and very interesting relations with Mr. Platt and the New York State Republican machine. Secondly, and what is more surprising, Mr. Cortissoz does not give us a hint as to Mr. Reid's attitude toward the insurgency movement and the formation of the Progressive party of 1912. That Mr. Reid continued in his ambassadorship to Great Britain until his death in December, 1912, would seem to indicate that he maintained his regular relationship with the Republican party, but whether he was only mildly loyal to Mr. Taft and more or less friendly with Mr. Roosevelt, or whether he was a thoroughgoing partisan of the Old Guard and bitterly hostile to the Progressives and their chief, we are not told. This may be an unpleasant subject to Mr. Cortissoz and to the Reid family, but even so it does not excuse him from omitting the matter altogether.

From the facts that Mr. Cortissoz gives us we may be justified in drawing a few general conclusions regarding the sort of man Whitelaw Reid was. In his young manhood he had a generous impulse that caused him to advocate with unflagging zeal the cause of human freedom for the Negro race. When that freedom was won Reid's zeal for further economic or social change came to an abrupt end. Henceforth any movement on the part of workmen or farmers that had for its purpose the amelioration of their condition through other than charitable means, had in Whitelaw Reid an unrelenting opponent. Any scheme for reforming the currency and banking laws to the disadvantage of the vested interests was sure to be characterized by him as the work of demagogues, calamity howlers and wild men and women bent on social demoralization and chaos. The purpose of the very mildly graduated income tax law of 1894, according to Reid, was "to take from the thrifty in order to enrich the shifty." Of the British Liberals' policy of insuring workingmen against disability and unemployment, Reid could write that it seemed to him an effort on the part of the state to "gather up an increasing sum from the thrifty and well-to-do, and pour out in constant increasing flood upon those who do not, and often do not want to, earn their own living." With the reform of the House of Lords, Reid was unsympathetic, as that chamber was "nearer to representing the classes that had to furnish the money." Also Reid was a "manifest destiny" sort of imperialist. In general, it does not seem unfair to conclude that in politics, Reid had something of the old Federalist point of view that government should be in the hands of the wise, the rich and the good, and usually, though not always, the rich were identical with the wise and good.

Mr. Cortissoz also leaves the impression, no doubt unintentionally, that socially Whitelaw Reid was apt to ape the manner of the Grand Seigneur. He was gracious, polite and sometimes condescending with ordinary people, but from his letters home, one gathers that he was a little bit given to sycophancy in his relations with the noble lords of England.

Perhaps these are purely unwarranted conclusions. But even if they are correct the fact remains that Whitelaw Reid was an elegant gentleman of the old school and it is altogether befitting that an elegant biography should be written of him. Nevertheless, one cannot help having the somewhat vulgar wish that his life might have been analyzed in something like the scientific spirit of aloofness that a biologist might dissect and study the anatomy of a peculiar sort of crab.

B. B. KENDRICK.

Novels of Idea

Treacherous Ground, by Johan Bojer. New York: Moffat, Yard and Co.

Life, by Johan Bojer. New York: Moffat, Yard and Co.

JOHAN BOJER has the soul of a Christian and the mind of a materialist. No combination makes more effectively for pessimism. On one hand he sees salvation only in almost unattainable heights of idealism. At the same time he perceives the weaknesses of idealism, its capacity for fanatical cruelty, its helplessness in the face of inescapable facts. And in the end he seems to reach Schopenhauer's conclusion that man's suffering is only equal and comparable to his sin and folly.

Bojer is driven to pessimism and despair by the baffling complexity of human existence. He cannot endure the perpetual compromises of life, the frequent inevitable choice between the bad and the less bad, the constant intrusion of petty and unworthy cares and motives. He often confronts his characters with the alternative of narrow, joyless duty, or of selfish, carefree pleasure. And, whichever horn of the dilemma they may prefer, he is never satisfied with the result. The Puritan within him speaks for duty; the artist for joy. He is never able to evolve an adequate solution for the problems raised by these clashing impulses.

Three sombre motifs run through Treacherous Ground. There is the theme, as old as Greek tragedy, of a mortal vainly struggling in the grip of inexorable, impersonal fate. There is the theme, as old as Christianity, of a hopeless flight from the overwhelming consciousness of sin. And, finally, there is one theme which seems peculiarly the product of our modern age, with its refined, neurotic soul-searching. It is the highly complicated problem of a man whose spiritual peace depends upon danger to the lives of other men and women.

Erik Evje attempts to appease his conscience, to express his remorse for previous sins by settling several families of tenant farmers upon a tract of ground called Newland. And Newland becomes his sanctuary, his Sabbath. In the midst of a hard, aggressive life he can refresh himself with the contemplation of one unselfish deed. Then Rein, a severely practical engineer, with a singleminded zeal for truth and a contempt for all beautiful fallacies, undermines the very spiritual basis of Evje's life by telling him that Newland is built upon a quagmire, that a landslide may occur at any time, that the people must be removed.

What is Evje to do? If he accepts Rein's advice he loses his one ideal, he sinks back into the bog of despondent materialism. If he rejects it he is a potential murderer. He pleads with Rein, tells him that Newland is his peace of mind, his crucifix. The engineer ruthlessly replies:

"Do you think that the quagmire will take into consideration that you have need of a crucifix?"

Evje appeases his torn soul with a compromise. He gives the settlers a half-hearted warning. They ignore it. The catastrophe comes, sweeping away Newland and all its inhabitants. And the last state of Erik Evje is worse than the first.

Treacherous Ground has a sullen sweep of unmistakable power and sincerity. It suggests Ibsen in his deepest, most pitilessly analytical mood,—the mood of Rosmersholm and The Wild Duck. It moves to its inevitable conclusion with the sure and steady march of Aeschylean tragedy. Those little ironical details of life upon which Thomas Hardy

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loves to dwell are not wanting. The happiness of the Newland settlers rests upon a spiritual quagmire. They find that the change in their external condition does not bring inward peace. The high expectations which they associated with the ownership of their land and their homes are not realized. Like Gregers Werle, Erik Evje discovers that meddling with other people's lives, even for the most altruistic purposes, does not pay.

Life differs from Bojer's other novels chiefly in the fact that it is painted on a somewhat larger canvas. It is not dominated by one figure, as The Great Hunger is dominated by Peer Holm and Treacherous Ground is dominated by Erik Evje. True the bittersweet romance of Reidar Bang and Astrid Riis holds the centre of the stage, but there is ample room for the other characters as well. And some of the minor episodes of the novel are stories in themselves. The picture of broken-down old Captain Riis, groping about after his futile schemes of revenge, suggests Ibsen's John Gabriel Borkman. And there is rare haunting pathos in the experience of the middle-aged schoolteacher, Holth, who recovers his youth in a single moment of mad glorious, forbidden romance, which is irretrievably snatched from him as soon as he has enjoyed it.

Despite their rugged strength and austere honesty of conviction Bojer's novels lack one essential quality of great literature, a quality that is equally characteristic of Anna Karenina, Fathers And Sons and Tom Jones. They lack humanness. The author is too much preoccupied with his ideas to deal fairly by his characters. There are splendid descriptions of Norwegian scenery; and some of the less important figures are depicted with skill and sympathy. But the major characters too often suggest mere vessels for the author's ideas. W. H. C.

What I Saw in Russia

What I saw in Russia, by George Lansbury. New York: Boni and Liveright.

THERE can be no question of Mr. Lansbury's sincerity; his long years of humanitarian effort, his warmheartedness, and his profoundly religious nature are a sufficient endorsement of that. Nor need there be made any charge that the Russian authorities arranged matters in such a way that during his nine weeks' sojourn he saw only the more hopeful aspects of the multitudinous complexities of the "Russian situation"; the experiences recorded in his little book are a refutation of any such attempt to discredit him. Mr. Lansbury, however, took with him to Russia a temperament, a point of view, and an evident determination to see things in the rosiest light possible, and these impedimenta that he carried interfere seriously with the credibility of his testimony. The account that he gives of the social, industrial and political condition of Soviet Russia today leaves no such impression of well-weighed consideration and careful examination of conflicting evidence as we gain from the narratives of Bertrand Russell and H. N. Brailsford. His stay was short; his survey necessarily hasty and probably superficial. Nevertheless his book contains information of great importance on such matters as the difficulties of railroad transportation and the efforts of those in authority to solve the pressing problems of feeding one hundred millions of people and of coping with disease under the frightful handicap imposed by the cruel blockade that extends even to the prohibition of the importation of medicines and anaesthetics. In this connection he raises the question that has already been mooted in this country and that, one hopes, may be partially responsible for the decline in the membership in the Red Cross, and that is that that organization, originally impartial, non-political and purely humanitarian in character, has by its refusal of aid to suffering Russia taken on the complexion of a political and partisan agency. Two of Mr. Lansbury's most interesting chapters deal with the Soviet's treatment of military prisoners which (unless he was deceived, which seems unlikely) contrasts markedly with the policy pursued by the nations of Western Europe, and with the problem and program of education. That Russia, in the face of pestilence and the blockade and shortage of food and war on many fronts, has been able to initiate and make some progress in carrying out an ambitious program of cultural activities augurs well for what one hopes may be the comparatively near future when the Allied nations, abandoning the cruel and inexcusable blockade, allow Russia to work out her destiny in peace.

S. C. C.

The Grey Room

The Grey Room, by Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE Grey Room is more than an intriguing mystery yarn. It captivates by excellent character revelation quite as surely as by the ingenious puzzle of its plot. For about two-thirds of the story one may easily be more absorbed in the reactions of various personalities to the sinister fatality of this innocent looking chamber than he is concerned in anticipating the discovery of its secret. This deepening of the human values of course adds immeasurably to the total interest. The desirability of combining real people and perceptive comment with a well-wrought detective story is so apparent that one wonders why the union is not oftener achieved.

Mr. Phillpotts's characters are not highly complex, to be sure, but they convince us for what they are, simple-minded English folk who have been too comfortable materially and spiritually to react with much intellectual vigor to the complacent tenor of their ways. For many readers interest will lag somewhat in the final chapters when the riddle is being ultimately disposed of, because the action becomes more a matter of mechanical ingenuity in spite of the ancient and engaging Signor Mannetti who appears to make the discovery where detectives have failed.

The Grey Room is located in the sunny east wing of Chadlands, the ancestral country home of Sir Walter Lennox, fifth baronet, who was known for his kindness of heart, his archaic principles and his great wealth. At the request of one of his guests Sir Walter relates a ghost story about this room which has not been occupied since two mysterious deaths have occurred within its walls. The tradition fires Sir Walter's son-in-law, Tom May, with the resolve to test what he considers a foolish superstition. And so, into the placid enjoyment of the Chadlands house-party there enters the note of baffling tragedy when young May succumbs to the Grey Room's evil power and is found dead from no apparent cause.

With his customary insight Mr. Phillpotts wrecks the cocksure opinions of religionist and materialist by two more deaths which serve only to intensify the problem. And poor old Sir Walter and his household are wellnigh

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distracted with sorrow and apprehension. The situation is not without its sardonic humor as well as pathos. The Reverend Septimus May insists upon keeping a lone vigil in the terror chamber to defy the evil spirit with Christian prayer and faith. Sir Walter appeals to his ancient butler who reponds with humility which would have become his superiors.

"I ain't particular frightened neither," says Masters. "But I wouldn't chance it alone, being about average sinful and not good enough to tackle that unknown horror hid up there single-handed.—*You never hear of two people* getting into trouble with these here customers, and while he was going for this blackguard ghost in the name of the Lord, I could keep my weather eye lifting for trouble."

The butler's attitude illustrates admirably the double racial heritage of scepticism and credulity. The background of psuedo-science and psychic hysteria is well suggested. And the story emphasizes with a good deal of originality the age-old mystery of existence and the tendency of unimaginative souls to require the seeming super-normal to awaken any wonder for the things regarded as natural and therefore commonplace. R. H.

Selected Current Books

Is America Safe for Democracy? by William McDougall. Scribners.
Popular talks on eugenics as applied to the destiny of nations, intelligence and social strata, etc.

The Anglo-American Future, by A. J. Gardiner. Seltzer.
Eight articles by the English Liberal publicist on the foundations of Anglo-American amity.

The Wreck, by Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan.
A Hindu romance founded on the traditions in regard to marriage that affect Indian life.

Orphan Dinah, by Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan.
A new Dartmoor story.

Books on the Table, by Edmund Gosse. Scribners.
Chats on books from a London daily.

Lyrics of the Links. Compiled by Henry Litchfield West. Macmillan.
Fugitive verses caught red-handed.

Wordsworth's French Daughter, by George McLean Harper. Princeton.
The facts as to the "innocent child of Wordsworth's wrong-doing" excavated by a Princeton professor.

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